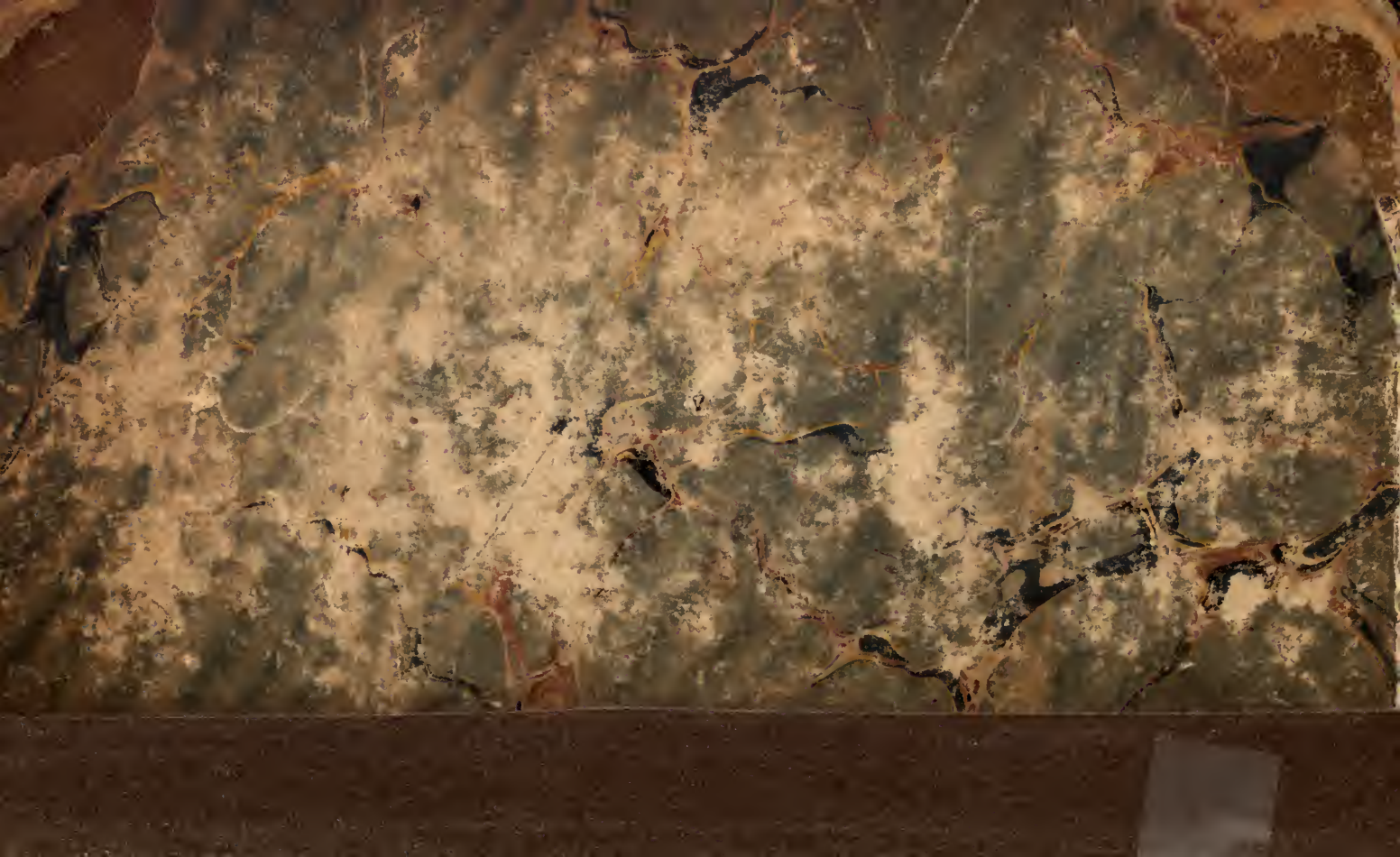

THE LIBRARY
OF
THE UNIVERSITY
OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES

M'FINGAL:

A MODERN

EPIC POEM,

IN

FOUR CANTOS.

THE FIFTH EDITION,

WITH EXPLANATORY NOTES.

Ergo non ſatis eſt riſu diducere rictum
Auditoris: et eſt quædam tamen hic quoque virtus,
Eſt brevitate opus, ut currat ſententia, neu ſe
Impediat verbis laſſas onerantibus aures.
Et ſermone opus eſt modo triſti, ſæpe jocoſo,
Defendente vicem modo Rhetoris, atque Poetæ,
Interdum urbani, parcentis viribus atque
Extenuantis eas conſulto. Ridiculum acri
Fortius et melius magnas plerumque ſecat res.
Horat. Lib. 1. Sat. 10.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR J. S. JORDAN, No. 166, FLEET-STREET.
M, DCC, XCII.

PS
852
M57
1792

EDITOR'S PREFACE

TO THE

LONDON EDITION.

THE Author of this work is John Trumbull, Esq. an eminent Counsellor, in the State of Connecticut, a near relation of the late Governor Trumbull of that State, and of Mr. Trumbull the Painter. The great reputation gained in this kingdom by the latter gentleman, in addition to that of West, Copley, and some others of his countrymen, is an honourable testimony of the liberal encouragement which of late has been here given to the arts: an encouragement which has attracted hither so many of the ablest

333876

ableſt artiſts, as well from the new world, as from ſeveral parts of the old.

In the annotations which we have written, to accompany this Edition of M'Fingal, we have confined ourſelves to the ſimple taſk of illuſtrating the alluſions to ſuch circumſtances as appeared to us to be ſo far local and temporary, as to run the riſk of being ill underſtood by the generality of Engliſh Readers. Indeed, ſo cautious have we been to keep within the ſtricteſt limits of our duty, that, on reviewing our work in the printed ſheets, we are apprehenſive of having erred on that ſide; and that many paſſages have eſcaped our notice, which ought to have been explained.

It is out of reſpect to the Reader, that we have denied ourſelves the pleaſure of dwelling on the particular beauties which muſt ſtrike his attention in the courſe of the Poem, or of making any obſervations on ſuch paſſages as require no explanation. Nor ſhall we attempt to give a character of the work

work at large. Our labours in bringing it in this manner before the Public, in a country where nothing ſhort of a high degree of poetical merit is ſure to reward ſuch labours, are a proof, that in our opinion, the work is deſerving of their warmeſt approbation.

M'Fingal, by ſome readers, has been called *the American Hudibras;* but, without deviating from the principle laid down above, we may ſay that this compariſon ſeems to have ariſen merely from the *meaſure* and from the jingle of the double rhymes; but not from the ſtyle, manner, deſign, or tendency of the work. The ſtyle is uniformly far more elevated, and the manner more grave and majeſtic, than that of Hudibras,—but not ſo filled with thoſe perpetual flaſhes of wit, which weary our riſible faculties, without gratifying the mind with more durable impreſſions. The difference between the two Poems, in this reſpect, ſeems to be preciſely that which we feel between the high and the low burleſque. As far as compariſon will go in forming a judgment of M'Fingal, it ap-

pears to us, in ſtyle and manner, much more like the Dunciad of Pope, than like any other Poem in our language. But in the deſign and tendency, it differs from the Engliſh Hudibras in a ſtill greater degree. The object of Butler was, to ridicule republican principles, and to tickle the nation into good humour with arbitrary power; and perhaps we ſhall not pay him too great a compliment, when we attribute in a conſiderable degree to the influence of his writings, that adoration for Church and King, and that ſovereign contempt for every idea of innovation from the ſide of liberty, which have diſtinguiſhed the people of England, ever ſince the reſtoration of monarchy under Charles the Second. We believe the world has not furniſhed an inſtance, beſides that of 1688, of a revolution, begun and conducted by the people, without their putting in any claim to better their condition, or to ſecure their rights. They ſeemed in that inſtance to be of Mr. Burke's opinion, That they had no rights; and to be ready to ſacrifice their lives and fortunes in ſupport of that opinion.

The

The object of Trumbull is directly the reverse; it is to ridicule monarchy—to expose the absurd arguments and shallow subterfuges which are uniformly used, wherever it is attempted to be supported by reasoning; and we believe every Reader will join us in this remark, that there is no Poem in any language where this design is kept up to so good effect. Though the ridicule falls in part upon the English nation; yet we must observe that it is upon the nation organised in such a manner, as to render it capable of being dragged into the pursuit of objects which reason does not approve. It is the *government*, not the *people*, which excites the censure of the Poet; and every honest man is put into good humour with himself, the moment he makes the distinction. He must likewise be pleased with the impartiality of the Author, in aiming the shafts of satire at whatever is censurable in both parties; the extravagant zeal of the Whigs, as well as that of the Tories, is exposed without disguise to our disapprobation.

It is now faſhionable in this country, among moſt claſſes of men, to condemn the American war, both in its object and its management; but they ſay the cruelties which were practiſed in it are now paſt; and to tell us any more about them, only ſerves to keep up a ſpirit of mutual averſion between the two nations. If we were preciſely of this latter opinion, it might be an argument with us againſt bringing forward an Engliſh edition of M'Fingal, whatever be the poetical merit of the work. But we think the opinion ill-founded, if not directly the reverſe of what the ſubject would naturally ſuggeſt. We think, that the more we learn of their ſufferings, which the miſguided policy of our government brought upon them, the more worthy we ſhall find them of our friendſhip, and ourſelves of theirs; we ſhall both unite in a more cordial abhorrence of the principles and the men, who inflict ſuch miſeries on the human race. The principle of all offenſive wars is nearly the ſame, it is of full-blood kin to the principle of monarchy; and to hold them perpetually up to the ſcrutiny

of reaſon, is greatly to benefit the world; as it tends to haſten that period, which we believe is not far diſtant, when both theſe principles will be diſcarded.

In this view, we regard the following Poem, not merely as a patriotic work, to be confined to America, but as a work of general philanthrophy, highly conducive to moral virtue and univerſal peace.

Mr. Trumbull is known in his own country, for many other works of genius and utility, both in proſe and verſe. Early in life, while at the univerſity, he publiſhed a ſatirical Poem, called *The Progreſs of Dullneſs*, in which he expoſed, with great pleaſantry and effect, the fopperies and follies attendant on the faſhionable modes of education, both in males and females. In poetry, his genius is not confined to the burleſque; he publiſhed, in the year 1774, *An Elegy on the Times*, a Poem, which deplores with the higheſt energy and pathos, the menacing appearance of hoſtilities, which then ſeemed ready to

burſt upon the Colonies from the obſtinate folly of ſome leading characters in the Mother-country. In that work he foretold the event of the revolution in America, as a neceſſary conſequence of our perſiſting in the meaſures then in agitation. By a variety of his proſe writings after the war, he rendered eſſential ſervice to his country, in preparing the minds of the people for a reviſion of their conſtitution, and for ſettling the preſent ſyſtem of federal government in the United States. As a writer of extenſive erudition, and accurate taſte, the Reader, we preſume, will aſſign him a diſtinguiſhed rank, from the peruſal of the Poem we here offer to the Public; the general eſtimation, in which he is held on the other ſide of the Atlantic, from the variety and moral tendency of his writings, may be ſeen in the following character given of him by another American Poet; who, in enumerating the moſt diſtinguiſhed poetical writers of his country, places Mr. Trumbull at the head of the liſt.

"With keen-ey'd glance thro' Nature's walks to pierce,
With all the powers and every charm of verſe,

Each

Each ſcience opening in his ample mind,
His fancy glowing and his taſte refin'd,
See Trumbull lead the train. His ſkilful hand
Hurls the keen darts of ſatire thro' the land;
Pride, knavery, dullneſs, feel his mortal ſtings,
And liſtening virtue triumphs while he ſings.
Great Albion's ſons, victorious now no more,
In guilt retiring from the wafted ſhore,
Strive their curſt cruelties to hide in vain,—
The world ſhall learn them from his deathleſs ſtrain."

Viſion of Columbus, Book VII.

In theſe lines there appears to be an alluſion to many other writings, as well as to the work now before us. We are informed that the character of M'Fingal, his principle hero in this poem, was never applied to any particular perſon; but that he ſtands as a repreſentative of the Tory faction in general. The ſame is ſaid of Honorius, the champion of the Whigs in the Town-meeting.

The *towns* are ſmall diviſions or diſtricts, into which the State is divided; in theſe the people meet for tranſacting public buſineſs, ſuch as chooſing repreſentatives to the general Aſſembly, and Committees for various purpoſes.

purpoſes. In theſe meetings, political queſtions were diſcuſſed; and in theſe originated the mode of oppoſition to thoſe Acts of Parliament which were deemed oppreſſive.

The cuſtom of erecting *Liberty-poles*, one of which furniſhes the ſubject of the third Canto, ſeems to have been taken from the *May-poles*, which are found in ſome parts of England. Theſe are ſaid to have had a good effect in the beginning of the troubles in America; as the oppoſition againſt their being erected and conſecrated as an emblem of Liberty, determined the ſtrength of the Tory party, in every little neighbourhood in the country.

The *ſcene of action*, which the Poet has in view, muſt be ſomewhere in the Province of Maſſachuſetts; but we are not able to deſignate the particular town. The *time* is evidently towards the latter end of ſummer, in the year 1775; as, by his alluſions to military operations, it appears to be ſubſequent to the battle of Bunker-Hill, which was in the

the month of June; and previous to Montgomery's Siege of St. John's, which was begun in October, of the ſame year.

THE Notes in this work, which have been written by the Engliſh Editors, are diſtinguiſhed at the bottom, by *Edit.* Thoſe that are not ſo marked, were inſerted by the Author in the firſt edition; which was printed in Connecticut, in the year 1782.

M'FINGAL:

CANTO FIRST.

The Town-Meeting, A. M.

WHEN Yankies*, ſkill'd in martial rule,
Firſt put the Britiſh troops to ſchool;
Inſtructed them in warlike trade,
And new manœuvres of parade;
The true war-dance of Yanky-reels,
And *manual exerciſe* of heels;
Made them give up, like ſaints complete,
The arm of fleſh, and truſt the feet,

* *Yankies*, a term formerly of deriſion, but now merely of diſtinction, given to the people of the four Eaſtern States. *Edit.*

And work, like Chriſtians undiſſembling,
Salvation out, by fear and trembling;
Taught Percy faſhionable races,
And modern modes of Chevy-chaces *:
From Boſton, in his beſt array,
Great 'Squire, M'Fingal, took his way,
And, grac'd with enſigns of renown,
Steer'd homeward to his native town.

His high deſcent our heralds trace
To † Oſſian's famed Fingalian race;
For tho' their name ſome part may lack,
Old Fingal ſpelt it with a Mac;
Which great M'Pherſon, with ſubmiſſion,
We hope will add, the next edition.

His fathers flouriſh'd in the Highlands
Of Scotia's fog-benighted iſlands;
Whence gain'd our 'Squire two gifts by right,
Rebellion and the Second-ſight.
Of theſe the firſt, in ancient days,
Had gain'd the nobleſt palms of praiſe,

* Lord Percy, now Duke of Northumberland, commanded the party that was firſt oppoſed by the Americans at Lexington. This alluſion to the family-renown of Chevy-Chace aroſe from the precipitate manner of his Lordſhip's quitting the field of battle, and returning to Boſton. But the Poet will tell us the ſtory in the courſe of the work. *Edit.*

† See Fingal, an ancient Epic Poem, publiſhed as the work of Oſſian, a Caledonian Bard, of the third century, by James M'Pherſon, a Scotch miniſterial ſcribbler.

'Gainſt Kings ſtood forth, and many a crown'd head
With terror of its might confounded;
Till roſe a King with potent charm
His foes by goodneſs to diſarm;
Whom ev'ry Scot and Jacobite
Strait fell in love with—at firſt ſight;
Whoſe gracious ſpeech, with aid of penſions,
Huſh'd down all murmurs of diſſenſions,
And, with the ſound of potent metal,
Brought all their bluſt'ring ſwarms to ſettle;
Who rain'd his miniſterial mannas,
Till loud Sedition ſung Hoſannas;
The good Lords-Biſhops and the Kirk
United in the public-work;
Rebellion from the northern regions,
With Bute and Mansfield ſwore allegiance,
And all combin'd to raze as nuiſance,
Of church and ſtate, the conſtitutions;
Pull down the empire, on whoſe ruins
They meant to edify their new ones;
Enſlave th' Amer'can wilderneſſes,
And tear the provinces in pieces.
For theſe our 'Squire, among the valiant'ſt,
Employ'd his time and tools and talents;
And in their cauſe, with manly zeal,
Us'd his firſt virtue, to rebel;
And found this new rebellion pleaſing
As his old king-deſtroying treaſon.

Nor leſs avail'd his optic ſleight,
And Scottiſh gift of ſecond-ſight.
No ancient ſybil, fam'd in rhyme,
Saw deeper in the womb of time;
No block in old Dodona's grove,
Could ever more orac'lar prove.
Nor only ſaw he all that was,
But much that never came to paſs;
Whereby all Prophets far out-went he,
Tho' former days produc'd a plenty:
For any man with half an eye,
What ſtands before him may eſpy;
But optics ſharp it needs, I ween,
To ſee what is not to be ſeen.
As in the days of ancient fame
Prophets and poets were the ſame,
And all the praiſe that poets gain
Is but for what th' invent and feign:
So gain'd our 'Squire his fame by ſeeing
Such things as never would have being.
Whence he for oracles was grown
The very * tripod of his town.
Gazettes no ſooner roſe a lye in,
But ſtrait he fell to propheſying;
Made dreadful ſlaughter in his courſe,
O'erthrew provincials, foot and horſe;

* The Tripod was a ſacred three-legged ſtool, from which the ancient prieſts uttered their oracles.

Brought

Brought armies o'er, by ſudden preſſings,
Of Hanoverians, Swiſs, and Heſſians;
Feaſted with blood his Scottiſh clan,
And hang'd all rebels, to a man;
Divided their eſtates and pelf,
And took a goodly ſhare himſelf *.
All this, with ſpirit energetic,
He did by ſecond-ſight prophetic.
Thus ſtor'd with intellectual riches,
Skill'd was our 'Squire in making ſpeeches,
Where ſtrength of brains united centers
With ſtrength of lungs ſurpaſſing Stentor's.
But as ſome muſquets ſo contrive it,
As oft to miſs the mark they drive at,
And tho' well aim'd at duck or plover,
Bear wide, and kick their owners over:

* As the good Hero of this Poem ſeems a kind of god-ſon to the Editors, (they having undertaken to make him known in this foreign country,) they feel themſelves much intereſted in whatever intereſts him. It is, therefore, with real concern that they find this prophecy, like ſome of the prayers of Homer's heroes, but half accompliſhed. The *Hanoverians*, &c. indeed, went over, and much were they *feaſted with blood;* but the *hanging of all the Rebels*, and the *dividing of their eſtates*, remain among the unfulfilled parts of his wiſe predictions. This, however, cannot be the fault of our Hero, but rather of our Miniſter, who left off the war before the work was completed. *Edit.*

So

So far'd our 'Squire, whoſe reas'ning toil
Would often on himſelf recoil,
And ſo much injur'd more his ſide,
The ſtronger arg'ments he apply'd:
As old war-elephants, diſmay'd,
Trode down the troops they came to aid,
And hurt their own ſide more in battle
Than leſs and ordinary cattle.
Yet at town-meetings ev'ry chief
Pinn'd faith on great M'Fingal's ſleeve,
And, as he motion'd, all by rote
Rais'd ſympathetic hands to vote.

The town, our Hero's ſcene of action,
Had long been torn by feuds of faction;
And as each party's ſtrength prevails,
It turn'd up diff'rent, heads or tails;
With conſtant rattl'ing in a trice
Show'd various ſides, as oft as dice:
As that fam'd weaver, * wife t' Ulyſſes,
By night each day's-work pick'd in pieces;
And tho' ſhe ſtoutly did beſtir her,
Its finiſhing was ne'er the nearer:
So did this town with ſtedfaſt zeal
Weave cob-webs for the public weal,
Which when completed, or before,
A ſecond vote in pieces tore.

* Homer's Odyſſey.

They

They met, made ſpeeches full long-winded,
Reſolv'd, proteſted, and reſcinded;
Addreſſes ſign'd, then choſe Committees,
To ſtop all drinking of Bohea-teas *;
With winds of doctrine veer'd about,
And turn'd all Whig-Committees out.
Meanwhile our Hero, as their head,
In pomp the tory faction led,
Still following, as the 'Squire ſhould pleaſe,
Succeſſive on, like files of geeſe.

And now the town was ſummon'd, greeting,
To grand parading of town-meeting;
A ſhow, that ſtrangers might appall,
As Rome's grave ſenate did the Gaul.
High o'er the rout, on pulpit-ſtairs †,
Like den of thieves in houſe of pray'rs,

* Some of our Engliſh readers may perhaps remember, that one of the ſubjects of diſpute, which brought on the war, was a tax laid upon tea, on its importation into the Colonies. We have, therefore, only to inform them, that one of the weapons of oppoſition, made uſe of by the people, was a univerſal agreement, *not to drink any Tea, until the tax ſhould be taken off.* The Committees, here referred to, were called *Committees of Safety*; part of their buſineſs was to watch over the execution of the voluntary regulations made by the people in the ſeveral towns. *Edit.*

† In country-towns the town-meeting is generally held in the Church. *Edit.*

(That

(That houſe, which loth a rule to break,
Serv'd Heav'n but one day in the week,
Open the reſt for all ſupplies
Of news and politics and lies,)
Stood forth the conſtable, and bore
His ſtaff, like Merc'ry's wand of yore,
Wav'd potent round, the peace to keep,
As that laid dead men's ſouls to ſleep.
Above, and near th' Hermetic ſtaff,
The * moderator's upper half,
In grandeur o'er the cuſhion bow'd,
Like Sol half-ſeen behind a cloud.
Beneath ſtood voters of all colours,
Whigs, tories, orators, and bawlers,
With ev'ry tongue in either faction,
Prepar'd, like minute-men †, for action;
Where truth and falſhood, wrong and right,
Draw all their legions out to fight;
With equal uproar, ſcarcely rave
Oppoſing winds in Æolus' cave;
Such dialogues with earneſt face,
Held never Balaam with his aſs.

* *Moderator* is the name commonly given to the chairman or ſpeaker of the town-meeting. He is here ſeated in the pulpit. *Edit.*

† *Minute-men* were that part of the militia of the country; who, being drafted and enrolled by themſelves, were prepared to march at a minute's warning, where-ever the public ſafety required. *Edit.*

With

With daring zeal and courage bleſt
Honorius firſt the crowd addreſs'd;
When now our 'Squire, returning late,
Arriv'd to aid the grand debate,
With ſtrange four faces ſat him down,
While thus the orator went on:
"—For ages bleſt, thus Britain roſe,
The terror of encircling foes;
Her heroes rul'd the bloody plain;
Her conqu'ring ſtandard aw'd the main;
The diff'rent palms her triumphs grace,
Of arms in war, of arts in peace:
Unharraſs'd by maternal care,
Each riſing province flouriſh'd fair;
Whoſe various wealth with lib'ral hand,
By far o'er-paid the parent-land.
But tho' ſo bright her ſun might ſhine,
'Twas quickly haſting to decline,
With feeble rays, too weak t' aſſuage,
The damps, that chill the eve of age."
" For ſtates, like men, are doom'd as well
Th' infirmities of age to feel;
And from their diff'rent forms of empire,
Are ſeiz'd with ev'ry deep diſtemper.
Some ſtates high fevers have made head in,
Which nought could cure but copious bleeding;
While others have grown dull and dozy,
Or fix'd in helpleſs idiocy;

Or turn'd demoniacs to belabour
Each peaceful habitant and neighbour;
Or vex'd with hypocondriac fits,
Have broke their ſtrength and loſt their wits."
" Thus now while hoary years prevail,
Good Mother Britain ſeem'd to fail;
Her back bent, crippled with the weight
Of age and debts and cares of ſtate:
For debts ſhe ow'd, and thoſe ſo large
As twice her wealth could not diſcharge;
And now 'twas thought, ſo high they'd grown,
She'd break, and come upon the town*;
Her arms, of nations once the dread,
She ſcarce could lift above her head;
Her deafen'd ears ('twas all their hope)
The final trump perhaps might ope,
So long they'd been in ſtupid mood,
Shut to the hearing of all good;
Grim Death had put her in his ſcroll,
Down on the execution-roll;
And Gallic crows, as ſhe grew weaker,
Began to whet their beaks to pick her.

* *To come upon the town*, in America, does not mean precisely the ſame thing, as for a lady to come upon the town in London. It is like a poor perſon in England *coming upon the parish*, or becoming a public charge. This remark will ſerve to explain many other alluſions to town-regulations in the courſe of this Poem. *Edit.*

And

And now, her pow'rs decaying faſt,
Her grand climact'ric had ſhe paſt,
And, juſt like all old women elſe,
Fell in the vapours much by ſpells.
Strange whimſies on her fancy ſtruck,
And gave her brain a diſmal ſhock;
Her mem'ry fails, her judgment ends;
She quite forgot her neareſt friends;
Loſt all her former ſenſe and knowledge,
And fitted faſt for Beth'lem college;
Of all the pow'rs ſhe once retain'd,
Conceit and pride alone remain'd.
As Eve, when falling, was ſo modeſt
To fancy ſhe ſhould grow a goddeſs;
As madmen, ſtraw who long have ſlept on,
Will ſtile them, Jupiter or Neptune:
So Britain, 'midſt her airs ſo flighty,
Now took a whim to be Almighty;
Urg'd on to deſp'rate heights of frenzy,
Affirm'd her own Omnipotency *;
Would rather ruin all her race,
Than 'bate Supremacy an ace;
Aſſum'd all rights divine, as grown
The church's head, like good Pope Joan:

* See the act, declaring that the King and Parliament had "a right to bind the colonies *in all caſes whatſoever.*" *Edit.*

Swore all the world ſhould bow and ſkip
To her almighty Goodyſhip;
Anath'matiz'd each unbeliever,
And vow'd to live and rule for ever.
Her ſervants humour'd every whim,
And own'd, at once, her pow'r ſupreme,
Her follies pleas'd in all their ſtages,
For ſake of legacies and wages;
In * *Stephen's Chapel* then in ſtate too
Set up her golden calf to pray to,
Proclaim'd its pow'r and right divine,
And call'd for worſhip at its ſhrine,
And for poor Heretics to burn us
Bade North prepare his fiery furnace;
Struck bargains with the Romiſh churches
Infallibility to purchaſe;
Set wide for Popery the door,
Made friends with Babel's ſcarlet whore,
Join'd both the matrons firm in clan;
No ſiſters made a better ſpan.
No wonder then, ere this was over,
That ſhe ſhould make her children ſuffer.
She firſt, without pretence of reaſon,
Claim'd right whate'er we had to ſeize on;
And with determin'd reſolution,
To put her claims in execution,

* The Parliament-Houſe is called by that name.

Sent

Sent fire and ſword, and call'd it, Lenity,
Starv'd us, and chriſten'd it, Humanity.
For ſhe, her caſe grown deſperater,
Miſtook the plaineſt things in nature;
Had loſt all uſe of eyes or wits;
Took ſlav'ry for the Bill of Rights;
Trembled at Whigs and deem'd them foes,
And ſtopp'd at loyalty her noſe;
Stil'd her own children, brats and caitiffs,
And knew us not from th' Indian natives."

" What tho' with ſupplicating pray'r
We begg'd our lives and goods ſhe'd ſpare;
Not vainer vows, with fillier call,
Elijah's prophets rais'd to Baal;
A worſhipp'd ſtock of god, or goddeſs,
Had better heard and underſtood us.
So once Egyptians at the Nile
Ador'd their guardian Crocodile,
Who heard them firſt with kindeſt ear,
And ate them to reward their pray'r;
And could he talk, as kings can do,
Had made as gracious ſpeeches too."

" Thus ſpite of pray'rs her ſchemes purſuing,
She ſtill went on to work our ruin;
Annull'd our charters of releaſes,
And tore our title-deeds in pieces;
Then ſign'd her warrants of ejection,
And gallows rais'd to ſtretch our necks on:

And

And on theſe errands ſent in rage,
Her bailiff, and her hangman, Gage *,
And at his heels, like dogs to bait us,
Diſpatch'd her *Poſſe Comitatus*."

"No ſtate e'er choſe a fitter perſon,
To carry ſuch a ſilly farce on.
As Heathen gods in ancient days
Receiv'd at ſecond-hand their praiſe,
Stood imag'd forth in ſtones and ſtocks,
And deified in barber's blocks;
So Gage was choſe to repreſent
Th' omnipotence of Parliament.
And as old heroes gain'd, by ſhifts,
From gods, as poets tell, their gifts,
Our Gen'ral, as his actions ſhow,
Gain'd like aſſiſtance from below,
By Satan grac'd with full ſupplies,
From all his magazine of lies.

* General Gage, commander in chief of the king's troops in North-America, was appointed in 1773 governor and vice-admiral of Maſſachuſetts, in the room of Hutchinſon, who had been the moſt active agent of the Miniſter in fomenting the diſputes which brought on the war.

The character and conduct of Gage is deſcribed with great juſtice in the ſubſequent part of this ſpeech of Honorius.

Edit.

Yet

Yet could his practice ne'er impart
The wit, to tell a lie with art.
Thoſe lies alone are formidable,
Where artful truth is mixt with fable;
But Gage has bungled oft ſo vilely,
No ſoul would credit lies ſo ſilly;
Outwent all faith, and ſtretch'd beyond
Credulity's extremeſt end.
Whence plain it ſeems, tho' Satan once
O'erlook'd with ſcorn each brainleſs dunce,
And blund'ring brutes in Eden ſhunning,
Choſe out the ſerpent for his cunning;
Of late he is not half ſo nice,
Nor picks aſſiſtants, 'cauſe they're wiſe.
For had he ſtood upon perfection,
His preſent friends had loſt th' election,
And far'd as hard in this proceeding,
As owls and aſſes did in Eden."

" Yet fools are often dang'rous enemies,
As meaneſt reptiles are moſt venomous;
Nor e'er could Gage, by craft and proweſs,
Have done a whit more miſchief to us,
Since he began th' unnatural war,
The work his maſters ſent him for."

" And are there in this free-born land
Among ourſelves a venal band,
A daſtard race, who long have ſold
Their ſouls and conſciences for gold;

Who

Who wiſh to ſtab their country's vitals,
If they might heir ſurviving titles;
With joy behold our miſchiefs brewing,
Inſult and triumph in our ruin?
Prieſts, who, if Satan ſhould ſit down,
To make a Bible of his own,
Would gladly, for the ſake of mitres,
Turn his inſpir'd and ſacred writers;
Lawyers, who, ſhould he wiſh to prove
His title t' his old ſeat above,
Would, if his cauſe he'd give 'em fees in,
Bring writs of *Entry ſur diſſeiſin*,
Plead for him boldly at the ſeſſion,
And hope to put him in poſſeſſion;
Merchants, who, for his kindly aid,
Would make him partners in their trade,
Hang out their ſigns in goodly ſhow,
Inſcrib'd with "*Belzebub and Co.*"
And Judges, who would liſt his pages,
For proper liveries and wages;
And who, as humbly cringe and bow
To all his mortal ſervants now.
There are; and ſhame with pointing geſtures,
Marks out th' Addreſſers and Proteſters*:
Whom,

* The *Addreſſers* were thoſe who addreſſed General Gage, with expreſſions of gratitude and attachment, on his arrival with a fleet and army to ſubdue the colonies. The *Proteſters*

Whom, following down the ſtream of Fate,
Contempts ineffable await,
And public infamy forlorn,
Dread hate and everlaſting ſcorn."
As thus he ſpake, our 'Squire M^cFingal
Gave to his partizans a ſignal.
Not quicker roll'd the waves to land,
When Moſes wav'd his potent wand,
Nor with more uproar, than the Tories
Set up a gen'ral rout in chorus;
Laugh'd, hiſs'd, hem'd, murmur'd, groan'd, and jeer'd,
Honorius now could ſcarce be heard.
Our Muſe amid th' increaſing roar,
Could not diſtinguiſh one word more:
Tho' ſhe ſat by, in firm record
To take in ſhort-hand ev'ry word;
As ancient Muſes wont, to whom
Old Bards for depoſitions come;
Who muſt have writ 'em; for how elſe
Could they each ſpeech *verbatim* tell 's?
And tho' ſome readers of romances
Are apt to ſtrain their tortur'd fancies,
And doubt, when lovers all alone
Their ſad ſoliloquies do groan,
Grieve many a page with no one near 'em,
And nought but rocks and groves to hear 'em,

were thoſe who proteſted againſt the meaſures of the firſt Congreſs, and the general reſolutions of the country. *Edit.*

What ſprite infernal could have tattled,
And told the authors all they prattled;
Whence ſome weak minds have made objection,
That what they ſcribbled muſt be fiction;
'Tis falſe; for while the lovers ſpoke,
The Muſe was by, with table-book;
And, leſt ſome blunder might enſue,
Echo ſtood clerk, and kept the cue.
And tho' the ſpeech ben't worth a groat,
As uſual, 'tisn't the author's fault,
But error merely of the prater,
Who ſhould have talk'd to th' purpoſe better:
Which full excuſe, my critic-brothers,
May help me out, as well as others;
And 'tis deſign'd, tho' here it lurk,
To ſerve as preface to this work.
So let it be—for now our 'Squire
No longer could contain his ire;
And riſing 'midſt applauding Tories,
Thus vented wrath upon Honorius.
Quoth he, "'Tis wond'rous what ſtrange ſtuff
Your Whig's-heads are compounded of;
Which force of logic cannot pierce
Nor ſyllogiſtic *carte & tierce*,
Nor weight of ſcripture, or of reaſon,
Suffice to make the leaſt impreſſion.
Not heeding what ye rais'd conteſt on,
Ye prate, and beg or ſteal the queſtion;

And

And when your boaſted arguings fail,
Strait leave all reas'ning off, to rail.
Have not our High-Church Clergy made it
Appear from ſcriptures, which ye credit,
That *right divine* from heav'n, was lent
To kings, that is, the Parliament,
Their ſubjects to oppreſs and teaze,
And ſerve the Devil when they pleaſe?
Did they not write, and pray, and preach,
And torture all the parts of ſpeech;
About Rebellion make a pother,
From one end of the land to th' other?
And yet gain'd fewer pros'lyte Whigs,
Than old * St. Anth'ny 'mongſt the pigs;
And chang'd not half ſo many vicious
As Auſtin, when he preach'd to fiſhes;
Who throng'd to hear, the legend tells,
Were edified and wagg'd their tails:
But ſcarce you'd prove it, if you tried,
That e'er one Whig was edified.
Have ye not heard from † Parſon Walter
Much dire preſage of many a halter?
What warnings had ye of your duty
From our old Rev'rend † Sam. Auchmuty?

* The ſtories of St. Anthony and his pig, and St. Auſtin's preaching to fiſhes, are told in the Popiſh legends.

† High-Church Clergymen, one at Boſton, one at New-York.

From Prieſts of all degrees and metres,
T' our fag-end-man poor * Parſon Peters?
Have not our Cooper and our Seabury
Sung hymns, like Barak and old Deborah;
Prov'd all intrigues to ſet you free,
Rebellion 'gainſt *the pow'rs that be;*
Brought over many a Scripture text
That us'd to wink at rebel ſects;
Coax'd wayward ones to favour regents,
Or paraphras'd them to obedience;
Prov'd ev'ry king, ev'n thoſe confeſt
Horns of th' Apocalyptic beaſt,
And ſprouting from its noddles ſeven,
Ordain'd, as biſhops are, by Heaven;
(For reaſons ſim'lar, as we're told,
That Tophet was ordain'd of old;)
By this lay-ordination valid
Becomes all ſanctified and hallow'd,
Takes patent out when Heav'n has ſign'd it,
And ſtarts up ſtrait, the Lord's anointed?
Like extreme unction, that can cleanſe
Each penitent from deadly ſins,

* Peters, a Tory-Clergyman in Connecticut, who after making himſelf deteſtable by his inimical conduct, abſconded from the contempt, rather than the vengeance of his countrymen, and fled to England to make complaints againſt that colony: Cooper, a writer, poet, and ſatyriſt of the ſame ſtamp, Preſident of the college at New-York; Seabury, a Clergyman of the ſame province.

Make

Make them run glib, when oil'd by Prieſt,
The heav'nly road, like wheels new greas'd,
Serve them, like ſhoeball, for defences
'Gainſt wear and tear of conſciences:
So king's anointment cleans betimes,
Like fuller's earth, all ſpots of crimes;
For future knav'ries gives commiſſions,
Like Papiſts ſinning under licence.
For Heav'n ordain'd the origin,
Divines declare, of pain and ſin;
Prove ſuch great good they both have done us,
Kind mercy 'twas they came upon us:
For without pain and ſin and folly
Man ne'er were bleſt, or wiſe, or holy;
And we ſhould * thank the Lord, 'tis ſo,
As authors grave wrote long ago.
Now Heav'n its iſſues never brings
Without the means, and theſe are kings;
And he, who blames when they announce ills,
Would counteract th' eternal counſels.
As when the Jews, a murm'ring race,
By conſtant grumblings, fell from grace,
Heav'n taught them firſt to know their diſtance
By famine, ſlav'ry, and Philiſtines;
When theſe could no repentance bring,
In wrath it ſent them laſt a king:

* See the Modern Metaphyſical Divinity.

So nineteen, 'tis believ'd, in twenty
Of modern kings for plagues are ſent you;
Nor can your cavillers pretend,
But that they anſwer well their end.
'Tis yours to yield to their command,
As rods in Providence's hand;
And if it means to ſend you pain,
You turn your noſes up in vain;
Your only way's in peace to bear it,
And make neceſſity a merit.
Hence ſure perdition muſt await
The man who riſes 'gainſt the ſtate,
Who meets at once the damning ſentence,
Without one loop-hole for repentance;
E'en tho' he gain the royal ſee,
And rank among *the pow'rs that be:*
For hell is theirs, the Scripture ſhows,
Whoe'er *the pow'rs that be* oppoſe,
And all thoſe pow'rs (I am clear that 'tis ſo)
Are damn'd for ever, *ex officio.*"
" Thus far our Clergy; but 'tis true,
We lack'd not earthly reas'ners too.
Had I the * Poet's brazen lungs
As ſound-board to his hundred tongues,

* Virgil's Æneid, 6th book, line 625.

I could

I could not half the ſcribblers muſter
That ſwarm'd round Rivington * in cluſter;
Aſſemblies, Councilmen, forſooth;
Bruſh, Cooper, Wilkins, Chandler, Booth.
Yet all their arguments and ſap'ence,
You did not value at three half-pence.
Did not our Maſſachuſettenſis †
For your conviction ſtrain his ſenſes?
Scrawl ev'ry moment he could ſpare,
From cards and barbers and the fair;
Show, clear as ſun in noon-day heavens,
You did not feel a ſingle grievance;
Demonſtrate all your oppoſition
Sprung from the ‡ eggs of foul ſedition;
Swear he had ſeen the neſt ſhe laid in,
And knew how long ſhe had been ſitting;
Could tell exact what ſtrength of heat is
Requir'd to hatch her out Committees;

* *Rivington*, Editor of the Royal Gazette in New York; a paper which anſwered very well to its title, it being filled with thoſe impoſitions and falſehoods, which are deemed neceſſary to the ſupport of Royalty, in any country where printing is tolerated. *Edit.*

† See a courſe of eſſays, under the ſignature of Maſſachuſettenſis.

‡ " Committees of Correſpondence are the fouleſt and moſt venomous ſerpent, that ever iſſued from the eggs of ſedition," &c. Maſſachuſettenſis.

What

What ſhapes they take, and how much longer's
The ſpace before they grow t' a Congreſs?
New white-waſh'd Hutchinſon, and varniſh'd
Our Gage, who'd got a little tarniſh'd;
Made 'em new maſks, in time no doubt,
For Hutchinſon's was quite worn out;
And while he muddled all his head,
You did not heed a word he ſaid.
Did not our grave * Judge Sewall hit
The ſummit of news-paper wit?
Fill'd ev'ry leaf of ev'ry paper
Of Mills, and Hicks, and Mother Draper:
Drew proclamations, works of toil,
In true ſublime of ſcare-crow ſtyle;
Wrote farces too, 'gainſt Sons of Freedom,
All for your good, and none would read 'em;
Denounc'd damnation on their frenzy,
Who died in Whig-impenitency;
Affirm'd that Heav'n would lend us aid,
As all our Tory-writers ſaid;
And calculated ſo its kindneſs,
He told the moment when it join'd us."

* Attorney-General of Maſſachuſetts-Bay, a Judge of Admiralty, Gage's chief Advertiſer and Proclamation-maker, author of a farce called the Americans Rouzed, and of a great variety of eſſays on the Miniſterial ſide, in the Boſton news-papers.

" 'Twas

" 'Twas then belike, Honorius cried,
When you the public faſt defied,
Refus'd to Heav'n to raiſe a prayer,
Becauſe you'd no connections there:
And ſince, with rev'rent hearts and faces,
To Governors you'd made addreſſes,
In them who made you Tories, ſeeing
You liv'd and mov'd and had your being;
Your humble vows you would not breathe
To pow'rs you'd no acquaintance with."
" As for your faſts, replied our 'Squire,
What circumſtance could faſts require?
We kept them not, but 'twas no crime;
We held them merely loſs of time.
For what advantage, firm and laſting,
Pray, did you ever get by faſting?
And what the gains that can ariſe
From vows and off'rings to the ſkies?
Will Heav'n reward with poſts and fees,
Or ſend us Tea, as Conſignees *,
Give penſions, ſal'ries, places, bribes,
Or chuſe us judges, clerks, or ſcribes?
Has it commiſſions in its gift,
Or caſh, to ſerve us at a lift?

* Alluding to the famous cargo of tea, which was ſunk in Boſton Harbour, the Conſignees of which were the tools of General Gage. *Edit.*

Are acts of parliament there made,
To carry on the placeman's trade?
Or has it paſs'd a ſingle bill
To let us plunder whom we will?
And look our liſt of place-men all over;
Did Heav'n appoint our chief judge, Oliver,
Fill that high bench with ignoramus;
Or has it councils by mandamus?
Who made that wit of * water-gruel,
A Judge of Admiralty, Sewall?
And were they not mere earthly ſtruggles,
That rais'd up Murray, ſay, and Ruggles?
Did Heav'n ſend down, our pains to med'cine,
That old ſimplicity of Edſon;
Or by election pick out from us,
That Marſhfield blund'rer Nat. Ray Thomas:
Or had it any hand in ſerving
A Loring, Pepp'rell, Browne, or Erving?"
"Yet we've ſome ſaints, the very thing,
We'll pit againſt the beſt you'll bring.
For can the ſtrongeſt fancy paint
Than Hutchinſon a greater ſaint?
Was there a parſon us'd to pray
At times more reg'lar twice a day;
As folks exact have dinners got,
Whether they've appetites or not?

* A proper emblem of his genius.

Was

Was there a zealot more alarming
'Gainſt public vice to hold forth ſermon ;
Or fix'd at church, whoſe inward motion
Roll'd up his eyes with more devotion ?
What Puritan could ever pray
In Godlier tone, than treas'rer * Gray,
Or at town-meetings ſpeechify'ng,
Could utter more melodious whine,
And ſhut his eyes and vent his moan,
Like owl afflicted in the ſun ?
Who, once ſent home his canting rival,
Lord Dartmouth's ſelf, might out-be-drivel."
" Have you forgot, Honorious cried,
How your prime ſaint the truth defied †,
Affirm'd he never wrote a line
Your charter'd rights to undermine ;
When his own letters then were by,
That prov'd his meſſage all a lie ?
How many promiſes he ſeal'd,
To get th' oppreſſive acts repeal'd ;
Yet, once arriv'd on England's ſhore,
Set on the Premier to paſs more ?
But theſe are no defects, we grant,
In a right loyal Tory ſaint,

* Treaſurer of Maſſachuſetts-Bay, and one of the Mandamus Council.

† The detection of falſehood in Governor Hutchinſon, here alluded to, is a curious little hiſtory. It is told at large in *The Remembrancer*, publiſhed by Almon, Vol. I. *Edit.*

Whoſe godlike virtues muſt with eaſe
Atone ſuch venal crimes as theſe:
Or ye perhaps in Scripture ſpy
A new commandment, "Thou ſhalt lie;"
And if 't be ſo (as who can tell?)
There's no one ſure ye keep ſo well."
"Quoth he, For lies and promiſe-breaking
Ye need not be in ſuch a taking;
For lying is, we know and teach,
The higheſt privilege of ſpeech;
The univerſal Magna Charta,
To which all human race is party;
Whence children firſt, as David ſays,
Lay claim to 't in their earlieſt days;
The only ſtratagem in war
Our Gen'rals have occaſion for;
The only freedom of the preſs
Our politicians need in peace:
And 'tis a ſhame you wiſh t' abridge us
Of theſe our darling privileges.
Thank heav'n, your ſhot have miſs'd their aim,
For lying is no ſin, or ſhame."
"As men laſt wills may change again,
Tho' drawn in name of God, Amen;
Before they muſt have much the more,
O'er promiſes as great a pow'r,
Which, made in haſte, with ſmall inſpection,
So much the more will need correction;

And

And when they've careleſs ſpoke, or penn'd 'em,
Have right to look 'em o'er and mend 'em;
Reviſe their vows, or change the text,
By way of codicil annex'd,
Turn out a promiſe, that was baſe,
And put a better in its place.
So Gage of late agreed, you know,
To let the Boſton people go;
Yet when he ſaw 'gainſt troops that brav'd him,
They were the only guards that ſav'd him,
Kept off that Satan of a Putnam *,
From breaking in to maul and mutt'n him:
He'd too much wit ſuch leagues t' obſerve,
And ſhut them in again to ſtarve."

"So Moſes writes, when female Jews
Made oaths and vows unfit for uſe,
Their parents then might ſet them free
From that conſc'entious tyranny:
And ſhall men feel that ſpir'tual bondage
For ever, when they grow beyond age;
Nor have pow'r their own oaths to change?
I think the tale were very ſtrange.

* General Putnam of Connecticut, who had gained great reputation as a Partizan officer in the war before laſt, came forward with activity in the beginning of the war of independence; but his age and infirmities obliged him ſoon to quit the field. *Edit.*

Shall

Shall vows but bind the ſtout and ſtrong,
And let go women weak and young,
As nets encloſe the larger crew,
And let the ſmaller fry creep thro'?
Beſides, the Whigs have all been ſet on,
The Tories to affright and threaten,
Till Gage, amidſt his trembling fits,
Has hardly kept him in his wits;
And tho' he ſpeak with art and fineſſe,
'Tis ſaid beneath *dureſs per minas*.
For we're in peril of our ſouls
From feathers, tar and lib'rty-poles:
And vows extorted are not binding
In law, and ſo not worth the minding.
For we have in this hurly-burly
Sent off our conſciences on furlow;
Thrown our religion o'er in form,
Our ſhip to lighten in the ſtorm.
Nor need we bluſh your Whigs before;
If we've no virtue, you've no more."

"Yet black with ſins, would ſtain a mitre,
Rail ye at crimes by ten tints whiter?
And, ſtuff'd with choler atrabilious,
Inſult us here for peccadilloes?
While all your vices run ſo high
That mercy ſcarce could find ſupply:
While, ſhould you offer to repent,
You'd need more faſting days than Lent,

More groans than haunted church-yard vallies,
And more confeſſions than broad-alleys *.
I'll ſhow you all at fitter time,
Th' extent and greatneſs of your crime,
And here demonſtrate to your face,
Your want of virtue, as of grace,
Evinc'd from topics old and recent:
But thus much muſt ſuffice at preſent.
To th' after portion of the day,
I leave what more remains to ſay;
When I've good hope you'll all appear,
More fitted and prepar'd to hear,
And griev'd for all your vile demeanour:
But now 'tis time t' adjourn for dinner."

* Alluding to a ſpecies of church-diſcipline, where a perſon is obliged to ſtand in an ile of the church, called the *broad-alley*, name the offence of which he has been guilty, and aſk pardon of his brethren. *Edit.*

END OF CANTO FIRST.

M'FINGAL:

CANTO SECOND.

The Town-Meeting, P. M.

THE Sun, who never ſtops to dine,
Two hours had paſs'd the mid-way line,
And driving at his uſual rate,
Laſh'd on his downward car of ſtate.
And now expir'd the ſhort vacation,
And dinner done in epic faſhion;
While all the crew beneath the trees,
Eat pocket-pies, or bread and cheeſe;
Nor ſhall we, like old Homer, care
To verſify the bill of fare.
For now each party, feaſted well,
Throng'd in, like ſheep, at ſound of bell,
With equal ſpirit took their places;
And meeting op'd with three Oh yeſſes:

When

When firſt the daring Whigs t' oppoſe,
Again the great M'Fingal roſe,
Strech'd magiſterial arm amain,
And thus aſſum'd th' accuſing ſtrain.
" Ye Whigs attend, and hear, affrighted,
The crimes whereof ye ſtand indicted;
The ſins and folly paſt all compaſs,
That prove you guilty, or *non-compos*.
I leave the verdict to your ſenſes,
And jury of your conſciences;
Which, tho' they're neither good nor true,
Muſt yet convict you and your crew.
Ungrateful ſons! a factious band,
That riſe againſt your parent-land!
Ye viper race, that burſt in ſtrife
The welcome womb that gave you life,
Tear with ſharp fangs and forked tongue,
Th' indulgent bowels, whence you ſprung;
And ſcorn the debt of obligation
You juſtly owe the Britiſh nation,
Which ſince you cannot pay, your crew
Affect to ſwear 'twas never due.
" Did not the deeds of England's Primate *
Firſt drive your fathers to this climate,
Whom jails, and fines, and ev'ry ill
Forc'd to their good againſt their will?

* The perſecutions of the Engliſh Church under Archbiſhop Laud, are well known to have been the cauſe of the peopling of New-England. *Edit.*

Ye owe to their obliging temper
The peopling your new-fangled empire,
While ev'ry Britiſh act and canon
Stood forth, you *cauſa ſine qua non.*
Did they not ſend you charters o'er,
And give you lands you own'd before,
Permit you all to ſpill your blood,
And drive out heathen where you could;
On theſe mild terms, that, conqueſt won,
The realm you gain'd ſhould be their own?
Or when of late attack'd by thoſe,
Whom her connection made your foes *,
Did they not then, diſtreſt in war,
Send Gen'rals to your help from far,
Whoſe aid you own'd in terms leſs haughty,
And thankfully o'erpaid your quota?
Say, at what period did they grudge
To ſend you Governor or Judge,
With all their miſſionary crew †,
To teach you law and goſpel too?

* The war of 1755, between the Engliſh and the French, was doubtleſs excited by circumſtances foreign to the intereſts of thoſe colonies which now form the United States. Thoſe colonies, however, paid more than their proportion of the expence, and the balance was repaid by our government after the war. *Edit.*

† The *miſſionaries* were clergymen, ordained by the Biſhop of London, and ſettled in America. Thoſe in the northern Colonies were generally attached to the Royal cauſe. *Edit.*

Brought

Brought o'er all felons in the nation,
To help you on in population;
Propos'd their Biſhops to ſurrender,
And made their Prieſts a legal tender,
Who only aſk'd, in ſurplice clad,
The ſimple tythe of all you had:
And now to keep all knaves in awe,
Have ſent their troops t' eſtabliſh law,
And with gunpowder, fire, and ball,
Reform your people one and all.
Yet, when their inſolence and pride
Have anger'd all the world beſide,
When fear and want at once invade,
Can you refuſe to lend them aid;
And rather riſque your heads in fight,
Than gratefully throw in your mite?
Can they for debts make ſatisfaction,
Should they diſpoſe their realm by auction;
And ſell of Britain's goods and land all
To France and Spain by inch of candle?
Shall good king George, with want oppreſt,
Inſert his name in bankrupt liſt,
And ſhut up ſhop, like failing merchant,
That fears the bailiffs ſhould make ſearch in't;
With poverty ſhall princes ſtrive,
And nobles lack whereon to live?
Have they not rack'd their whole inventions,
To feed their brats on poſts and penſions,

Made ev'n Scotch friends with taxes groan,
And pick'd poor Ireland to the bone;
Yet have on hand, as well deſerving,
Ten thouſand baſtards left for ſtarving?
And can you now, with conſcience clear,
Refuſe them an aſylum here,
Or not maintain in manner fitting,
Theſe genuine ſons of Mother Britain?
T' evade theſe crimes of blackeſt grain,
You prate of Liberty in vain,
And ſtrive to hide your vile deſigns,
With terms abſtruſe, like ſchool-divines.
" Your boaſted patriotiſm is ſcarce,
And country's love is but a farce:
And after all the proofs you bring,
We Tories know there's no ſuch thing;
Our Engliſh writers of great fame
Prove public virtue but a name.
Hath not * Dalrymple ſhow'd in print,
And * Johnſon too, there's nothing in't?
Produc'd you demonſtration ample,
From other's and their own example,
That ſelf is ſtill, in either faction,
The only principle of action;
The loadſtone, whoſe attracting tether
Keeps the politic world together:
And, 'ſpite of all your double-dealing,
We Tories know 'tis ſo, by feeling.

* Miniſterial Penſioners.

" Who

" Who heeds your babbling of tranſmitting
Freedom to brats of your begetting,
Or will proceed as though there were a tie,
Or obligation to poſterity?
We get 'em, bear 'em, breed and nurſe;
What has poſt'rity done for us,
That we, leſt they their rights ſhould loſe,
Should truſt our necks to gripe of nooſe?
" And who believes you will not run?
You're cowards, ev'ry mother's ſon;
And ſhould you offer to deny,
We've witneſſes to prove it by.
Attend th' opinion firſt, as referee,
Of your old Gen'ral, ſtout Sir Jeffery *,
Who ſwore that with five thouſand foot
He'd rout you all, and, in purſuit,
Run thro' the land as eaſily,
As camel thro' a needle's eye.
Did not the valiant Col'nel Grant
Againſt your courage make his ſtant,
Affirm your univerſal failure
In ev'ry principle of valour,
And ſwear no ſcamp'rers e'er could match you,
So ſwift, a bullet ſcarce could catch you?
And will ye not confeſs in this,
A judge moſt competent he is,
Well ſkill'd on runnings to decide,
As what himſelf has often tried?

* Sir Jeffery, now Lord Amherſt. *Edit.*

'Twould

'Twould not, methinks, be labour loſt,
If you'd ſit down and count the coſt;
And ere you call your Yankies out,
Firſt think what work you've ſet about.
Have ye not rouz'd, his force to try on,
That grim old beaſt, the Britiſh lion?
And know you not that at a ſup
He's large enough to eat you up?
Have you ſurvey'd his jaws beneath,
Drawn inventories of his teeth,
Or have you weigh'd in even balance
His ſtrength and magnitude of talons?
His roar would turn your boaſts to fear,
As eaſily as ſour ſmall-beer,
And make your feet from dreadful fray,
By native inſtinct, run away.
Britain, depend on't, will take on her
T' aſſert her dignity and honor,
And ere ſhe'd loſe your ſhare of pelf,
Deſtroy your country and herſelf.
For has not North declar'd they fight
To gain ſubſtantial rev'nue by't,
Denied he'd ever deign to treat,
'Till on your knees, and at his feet?
And feel you not a trifling ague,
From Van's *Delenda eſt Carthago* *?

* Alluding, as the Editors ſuppoſe, to a ſpeech in the Britiſh Parliament, in which *delenda eſt Carthago* was applied to America. *Edit.*

For

For this, now Britain has come to't,
Think you ſhe has not means to do't?
Has ſhe not ſet to work all engines
To ſpirit up the native Indians,
Send on your backs a ſavage band,
With each a hatchet in his hand,
T' amuſe themſelves with ſcalping knives,
And butcher children and your wives;
That ſhe may boaſt again with vanity,
Her Engliſh national humanity?
(For now in its primæval ſenſe,
This term, *human'ty*, comprehends
All things of which, on this ſide hell,
The *human mind* is capable;
And thus 'tis well, by writers ſage,
Applied to Britain and to Gage.)
And on this work to raiſe allies,
She ſent her duplicate of Guys,
To drive, at diff'rent parts at once, on
Her ſtout Guy Carleton and Guy Johnſon;
To each of whom, to ſend again ye
Old Guy of Warwick were a ninny;
Tho' the dun cow he fell'd in war,
Theſe kill-cows are his betters far.
" And has ſhe not aſſay'd her notes,
To rouze your ſlaves to cut your throats,
Sent o'er ambaſſadors with guineas,
To bribe your blacks in Carolinas?

And has not Gage, her miſſionary,
Turn'd many an Afric ſlave t' a Tory,
And made th' Amer'can biſhop's ſee grow,
By many a new-converted Negro?
As friends to gov'rnment did not he
Their ſlaves at Boſton late ſet free;
Enliſt them all in black parade,
Set off with regimental red?
And were they not accounted then
Among his very braveſt men?
And when ſuch means ſhe ſtoops to take,
Think you ſhe is not wide awake?
As Eliphaz' good man in Job
Own'd num'rous allies thro' the globe;
Had brought the * ſtones along the ſtreet
To ratify a cov'nant meet,
And every beaſt from lice to lions,
To join in leagues of ſtrict alliance:
Has ſhe not cring'd, in ſpite of pride,
For like aſſiſtance far and wide?
Was there a creature ſo deſpis'd,
Its aid ſhe has not fought and priz'd?
Till all this formidable league roſe
Of Indians, Britiſh troops, and Negroes,

* The ſtones, and all the elements with thee
Shall ratify a ſtrict confed'racy;
Wild beaſts their ſavage temper ſhall forget,
And for a firm alliance with thee treat: &c.
Blackmore's Paraphraſe of Job.

And

And can you break theſe triple bands
By all your workmanſhip of hands?"
" Sir, quoth Honorius, we preſume
You gueſs from paſt feats, what's to come,
And from the mighty deeds of Gage,
Foretell how fierce the war he'll wage.
You, doubtleſs, recollected here
The annals of his firſt great year:
While wearying out the Tories' patience,
He ſpent his breath in proclamations;
While all his mighty noiſe and vapour
Was us'd in wrangling upon paper;
And boaſted military fits
Clos'd in the ſtraining of his wits;
While troops in Boſton commons plac'd
Laid nought but quires of paper waſte;
While ſtrokes alternate ſtunn'd the nation,
Proteſt, addreſs, and proclamation;
And ſpeech met ſpeech, fib claſh'd with fib,
And Gage ſtill anſwer'd, ſquib for ſquib.
" Tho' this not all his time was loſt on,
He fortified the town of Boſton;
Built breaſt-works that might lend aſſiſtance
To keep the patriots at a diſtance;
(For howſoe'er the rogues might ſcoff,
He lik'd them beſt the fartheſt off;)
Of mighty uſe and help to aid
His courage, when he felt afraid;

And whence right off in manful ſtation,
He'd boldly pop his proclamation.
Our hearts muſt in our boſoms freeze
At ſuch heroic deeds as theſe."

" Vain, quoth the 'Squire, you'll find to ſneer
At Gage's firſt triumphant year;
For Providence, diſpos'd to teaze us,
Can uſe what inſtruments it pleaſes.
To pay a tax at Peter's wiſh,
His chief caſhier was once a Fiſh;
An Aſs, in Balaam's ſad diſaſter,
Turn'd orator, and ſav'd his maſter;
A Gooſe plac'd ſentry on his ſtation
Preſerv'd old Rome from deſolation;
An Engliſh Biſhop's * Cur of late
Diſclos'd rebellions 'gainſt the State;
So Frogs croak'd Pharaoh to repentance,
And Lice revers'd the threat'ning ſentence:
And Heav'n can ruin you at pleaſure,
By our ſcorn'd Gage, as well as Cæſar.
Yet did our hero in theſe days
Pick up ſome laurel-wreaths of praiſe.
And as the ſtatuary of Seville
Made his crackt ſaint an exc'llent devil;
So tho' our war few triumphs brings,
We gain'd great fame in other things.

* See Biſhop Atterbury's trial.

Did

Did not our troops ſhow much diſcerning,
And ſkill your various arts in learning?
Outwent they not each native Noodle
By far, in playing Yanky-Doodle *;
Which, as 'twas your New-England tune,
'Twas marvellous they took ſo ſoon?
And ere the year was fully thro',
Did not they learn to foot it too;
And ſuch a dance as ne'er was known,
For twenty miles on end led down †?
Was there a Yanky trick you knew,
They did not play as well as you?
Did they not lay their heads together,
And gain your art to tar and feather,
When Col'nel Neſbitt thro' the town
In triumph bore the country-clown?
Oh, what a glorious work to ſing
The vet'ran troops of Britain's king.

* *Yanky-Doodle*, as M'Fingal here relates, was a native Air of New-England, and was often played in deriſion by the Britiſh troops, particularly on their march to Lexington. Afterwards the captive army of Burgoyne was obliged to march to this tune in the ceremony of piling their arms at Saratoga. In the courſe of the war it became a favorite Air of Liberty, like the preſent *ça ira* of France. It is remarkable that after the taking of the Baſtille, and before the introduction of *ça ira*, the Paris guards played *Yanky-doodle*. *Edit.*

† This is Lord Percy's modern Chevy-chace; in which his lordſhip and his army were chaſed from Concord to Boſton. *Edit.*

Advent'ring for th' heroic laurel,
With bag of feathers and tar-barrel!
To paint the cart where culprits ride,
And Nesbitt marching at its side *,
Great executioner and proud,
Like hangman high on Holborn road;
And o'er the bright triumphal car
The waving ensigns of the war!
As when a triumph Rome decreed,
For great Calig'la's valiant deed,
Who had subdu'd the British seas,
By gath'ring cockles from their base;
In pompous car the conqu'ror bore
His captiv'd scallops from the shore,
Ovations gain'd his crabs for fetching,
And mighty feats of oyster-catching:
O'er Yankies thus the war begun,
They tarr'd and triumph'd over one;
And fought and boasted thro' the season,
With might as great, and equal reason

Yet

* The action here celebrated, considered as one of the provocatives to the glorious war which followed, is too important to be omitted in our explanatory labours. Yet, by compressing our narrative into a size convenient for a note, we fear that we shall fail of doing sufficient honour to this immortal hero of the feather-bag; whose fame ought to be as dear to us, as to the Poet himself. In the winter of 1774 and 1775, our army at Boston had been stimulated, by their Officers and the

" Yet thus, tho' ſkill'd in vict'ry toils,
They boaſt, not unexpert, in wiles.
For gain'd they not an equal fame in
The arts of ſecrecy and ſcheming;
In ſtratagems ſhow'd mighty force,
And moderniz'd the Trojan horſe,
Play'd o'er again thoſe tricks Ulyſſean,
In their fam'd Salem-expedition?

For

the Tories, to an ardent deſire of ſeeing hoſtilities commence. But theſe inſtigators always wiſhed to have the Americans *begin*, that they might appear to the Engliſh nation and to the world, as the aggreſſors; and, from the time of Preſton's affair in the year 1770, every method of promoting private broils between the inhabitants and the military had been purſued, without the deſired effect.

In the beginning of 1775, as the King's ſtandard was to be erected on the firſt of May at Worceſter, fifty miles from Boſton, the troops feared that they ſhould be obliged to march from Boſton, without having the opportunity of indulging the vengeance which they had promiſed themſelves in that town. To bring forward an occaſion for a more ſerious quarrel than had hitherto taken place between the people and the army, Lieutenant Colonel Neſbitt, of the 47th regiment, laid the following plan.—The country people being in the habit of purchaſing arms, he directed a ſoldier to ſell to ſome one of them an old ruſty muſquet. The ſoldier ſoon found a purchaſer, a man who brought vegetables to market, who paid him three dollars for the muſquet. Though this bargain might have the appearance of a crime in the ſoldier (ſuppoſing the muſquet to have been his own, and neceſſary to his duty) it never could

For as that horſe, the Poets tell ye,
Bore Grecian armies in his belly;
Till, their full reck'ning run, with joy
Their Sinon midwif'd them in Troy;
So in one ſhip was Leſlie bold
Cramm'd with three hundred men in hold,
Equipp'd for enterprize and ſail,
Like Jonas ſtow'd in womb of whale.
To Marblehead in depth of night,
The cautious veſſel wing'd her flight.

could be ſo in the market-man, in a country where every human creature had an equal right to carry arms. But ſcarcely had the man parted from the ſoldier, when he was ſeized by Neſbitt, and conveyed to the guard-houſe, on Green's Wharf, about the middle of the town; where he was confined all night. Early the next morning, they ſtripped him entirely naked, covered him with warm tar, and then with feathers, placed him on a cart, conducted him to the north end of the town, then back to the ſouth end, as far as Liberty-Tree; where the people began to collect in vaſt numbers, and the military, fearing for their own ſafety, diſmiſſed the man, and made a retreat to the barracks.

The party conſiſted of about thirty grenadiers of the 47th regiment, with fixed bayonets, 20 drums and fifes, playing the rogues's march, headed by Neſbitt with a drawn ſword.

The magiſtrates of the town waited on General Gage with a complaint of this outrage. He pretended diſapprobation; but took no ſteps to cenſure the conduct of Neſbitt, or to do juſtice to the man who had ſuffered the violence.

Edit.

And

And now the ſabbath's ſilent day
Call'd all your Yankies off to pray;
Remov'd each prying jealous neighbour,
The ſcheme and veſſel fell in labour;
Forth from its hollow womb pour'd haſt'ly
The Myrmidons of Col'nel Leſlie:
Not thicker o'er the blacken'd ſtrand
The * frogs' detachment ruſh'd to land,
Equipp'd by onſet or ſurprize
To ſtorm th' entrenchment of the mice.
Thro' Salem ſtrait without delay,
The bold battalion took its way,
March'd o'er a bridge in open ſight
Of ſev'ral Yankies arm'd for fight,
Then without loſs of time, or men
Veer'd round for Boſton back again;
And found ſo well their projects thrive,
That ev'ry ſoul got home alive.
" Thus Gage's arms did fortune bleſs
With triumph, ſafety, and ſucceſs:
But mercy is, without diſpute,
His firſt and darling attribute;
So great, it far outwent and conquer'd
His military ſkill at Concord.
There when the war he choſe to wage
Shone the benevolence of Gage;

* See Homer's Battle of the Frogs and Mice.

Sent troops to that ill-omen'd place
On errands mere of ſpecial grace,
And all the work he choſe them for
Was to * *prevent* a civil war:
And for that purpoſe he projected
The only certain way t' effect it,
To take your powder, ſtores, and arms,
And all your means of doing harms:
As prudent folks take knives away,
Leſt children cut themſelves at play.
And yet, tho' this was all his ſcheme,
This war you ſtill will charge on him;
And tho' he oft has ſwore, and ſaid it,
Stick cloſe to facts, and give no credit.
Think you, he wiſh'd you'd brave and beard him?
Why, 'twas the very thing that ſcar'd him.
He'd rather you ſhould all have run,
Than ſtay'd to fire a ſingle gun.
And for the civil war you lament,
Faith, you yourſelves muſt take the blame in't;
For had you then, as he intended,
Giv'n up your arms, it muſt have ended.
Since that's no war, each mortal knows,
Where one ſide only gives the blows,
And th' other bears 'em; on reflection
The moſt you'll call it, is correction.

* See Gage's anſwer to Governor Trumbull.

Nor

Nor could the conteſt have gone higher,
If you had ne'er return'd the fire;
But when you ſhot, and not before,
It then commenc'd a civil war.
Elſe Gage, to end this controverſy,
Had but corrected you in mercy:
Whom mother Britain, old and wiſe,
Sent o'er, the Col'nies to chaſtiſe;
Command obedience on their peril
Of miniſterial whip and ferule;
And ſince they ne'er muſt come of age,
Govern'd and tutor'd them by Gage.
Still more, that this was all their errand,
The army's conduct makes apparent.
What tho' at Lexington you can ſay
They kill'd a few they did not fancy,
At Concord, then, with manful popping,
Diſcharg'd a round, the ball to open?
Yet when they ſaw your rebel-rout
Determin'd ſtill to hold it out;
Did they not ſhow their love to peace,
And wiſh, that diſcord ſtrait may ceaſe,
Demonſtrate, and by proofs uncommon,
Ther orders were to injure no man?
For did not ev'ry Reg'lar run *
As ſoon as e'er you fir'd a gun:

Take

* In the ancient wars in America, the term *Regular* was

Take the firſt ſhot you ſent them greeting,
As meant their ſignal for retreating;
And, fearful if they ſtaid for ſport,
You might by accident be hurt,
Convey themſelves with ſpeed away
Full twenty miles in half a day;
Race till their legs were grown ſo weary,
They'd ſcarce ſuffice their weight to carry?
Whence Gage extols, from gen'ral hearſy,
The great * activ'ty of Lord Percy;
Whoſe brave example led them on,
And ſpirited the troops to run;
And now may boaſt at royal levees
A Yanky-chace worth forty Chevys.
Yet you, as vile as they were kind,
Purſu'd, like tygers, ſtill behind,
Fir'd on them at your will, and ſhut
The town, as tho' you'd ſtarve them out;
And with † parade prepoſt'rous hedg'd
Affect to hold them there beſieg'd;

applied to Britiſh troops, to diſtinguiſh them from the Provincials, or new levies of the country. At the commencement of the late war, the ſame terms of diſtinction were uſed. *Edit.*

* "Too much praiſe cannot be given to Lord Percy for his remarkable activity through the whole day."

Gage's Account of the Lexington Battle.

† "And with a prepoſterous parade of military arrangement they affect to hold the army beſieged."

Gage's laſt grand Proclamation.

(Tho'

(Tho' Gage, whom proclamations call
Your Gov'nor and Vice-Admiral,
Whoſe pow'r gubernatorial ſtill
Extends as far as Bunker's hill;
Whoſe admiralty reaches clever,
Near half a mile up Myſtic river,
Whoſe naval force commands the ſeas,
Can run away whene'er he pleaſe,)
Scar'd Troops of Tories into town,
And burnt their hay and houſes down,
And menac'd Gage, unleſs he'd flee,
To drive him headlong to the ſea;
As once, to faithleſs Jews a ſign,
The de'el turn'd hog-reeve, did the ſwine.
" But now your triumphs all are o'er;
For ſee from Britain's angry ſhore
With mighty hoſts of valour join
Her Howe, her Clinton, and Burgoyne.
As comets thro' the affrighted ſkies
Pour baleful ruin, as they riſe;
As Ætna with infernal roar
In conflagration ſweeps the ſhore;
Or as * Abijah White, when ſent
Our Marſhfield friends to repreſent;

* He was a repreſentative of Marſhfield, and employed to carry their famous town-reſolves to Boſton. He armed himſelf in as ridiculous military array, as another Hudibras, pretending he was afraid he ſhould be robbed of them.

Himſelf while dread array involves,
Commiſſions, piſtols, ſwords, reſolves,
In awful pomp deſcending down,
Bore terror on the factious town:
Not with leſs glory and affright,
Parade theſe Gen'rals forth to fight.
No more each Reg'lar * Col'nel runs
From whizzing beetles, as air-guns,
Thinks horn-bugs bullets, or thro' fears
Muſkitoes takes for muſketeers;
Nor 'ſcapes, as tho' you gain'd allies
From Belzebub's whole hoſt of flies.
No bug their warlike heart appalls;
They better know the ſound of balls.
I hear the din of battle bray,
The trump of horror marks its way.
I ſee after the ſack of cities,
The gallows ſtrung with Whig-committees;

* This was a fact. Some Britiſh officers, ſoon after Gage's arrival in Boſton, walking on Beacon-Hill after ſunſet, were affrighted by noiſes in the air (ſuppoſed to be the flying of bugs and beetles) which they took to be the ſound of bullets, and left the hill with great precipitation: Concerning which they wrote terrible accounts to England of their being ſhot at with air-guns, as appears by one or two letters, extracts from which were publiſhed in the Engliſh papers.

Your

Your Moderators tric'd, like vermin,
And gate-poſts * grac'd with heads of Chairmen;
Your Gen'rals for wave-offerings hanging,
And ladders throng'd with Prieſts haranguing.
What pill'ries glad the Tories' eyes
With patriot-ears for ſacrifice!
What whipping-poſts your choſen race
Admit ſucceſſive in embrace,
While each bears off his crimes, alack!
Like Bunyan's pilgrim, on his back!
Where then, when Tories ſcarce get clear,
Shall Whigs and Congreſſes appear?
What rocks and mountains ſhall you call
To wrap you over with their fall,
And ſave your heads in theſe ſad weathers,
From fire and ſword, and tar and feathers!
For lo, with Britiſh troops tar-bright,
Again our Neſbitt heaves in ſight!
He comes, he comes, your lines to ſtorm,
And rigg your troops in uniform!
To meet ſuch heroes, will ye brag,
With fury arm'd, and feather-bag;

* The Author, though a rebel and a foreigner, cannot avoid this indirect tribute of praiſe to his ancient Mother-country. He evidently alludes here to the heads of the chiefs of the laſt Scotiſh rebellion, which were fixed on Temple-Bar, and ſerved for ſo many years, both as an ornament to this our good city of London, and as an emblem of our national humanity. *Edit.*

Who wield their miſſile pitch and tar,
With engines new in Britiſh war?
" Lo, where our mighty navy brings
Deſtruction on her canvas wings,
While thro' the deeps her potent thunder
Shall ſound th' alarm to rob and plunder!
As Phœbus firſt, ſo Homer ſpeaks,
When he march'd out t' attack the Greeks,
'Gainſt mules ſent forth his arrows fatal,
And ſlew th' auxiliaries, their cattle;
So where our ſhips ſhall ſtretch the keel,
What conquer'd oxen ſhall they ſteal!
What heroes riſing from the deep
Invade your marſhall'd hoſts of ſheep!
Diſperſe whole troops of horſe, and preſſing
Make cows ſurrender at diſcretion;
Attack your hens, like Alexanders,
And reg'ments rout of geeſe and ganders;
Or where united arms combine
Lead captive many a herd of ſwine!
Then ruſh in dreadful fury down
To fire on ev'ry ſea-port town;
Diſplay their glory and their wits,
Fright unarm'd children into fits,
And ſtoutly from th' unequal fray,
Make many a woman run away!
And can ye doubt whene'er we pleaſe
Our chiefs ſhall boaſt ſuch deeds as theſe?

Have

Have we not chiefs, tranſcending far
The old fam'd *thunderbolts of war ;*
Beyond the brave romantic fighters,
Stil'd *ſwords of death* by novel-writers ?
Nor in romancing ages e'er roſe
So terrible a tier of heroes.
From Gage, what flaſhes fright the waves !
How loud a blunderbuſs is Graves * !
How Newport dreads the bluſt'ring ſallies,
That thunder from our popgun, Wallace *,
While noiſe in formidable ſtrains
Spouts from his thimble-full of brains !
I ſee you ſink with aw'd ſurprize !
I ſee our Tory-brethren riſe !
And as the ſect'ries Sandimanian †,
Our friends, deſcribe their wiſh'd Millennium ;
Tell how the world in ev'ry region
At once ſhall own their true religion ;
For Heav'n with plagues of awful dread
Shall knock all heretics o' th' head ;

* Admiral Graves and Captain Wallace lay before the town of Newport a long time, and by their " Deeds above heroic," merited all the praiſes that the diſcerning M'Fingal has here beſtowed upon them. *Edit.*

† The religious ſect of Sandimanians, and their ſingular ideas of the Millennium are well known in this country. In America, their political religion was Toryiſm. *Edit.*

And

And then their church, the meek in ſpirit,
The earth, as promis'd, ſhall inherit,
From the dead wicked, as heirs-male,
And next remainder-men in tail:
Such ruin ſhall the Whigs oppreſs!
Such ſpoils our Tory friends ſhall bleſs!
While Confiſcation at command
Shall ſtalk in horror thro' the land,
Shall give your Whig-eſtates away,
And call our brethren into play.

"And can ye doubt or ſcruple more,
Theſe things are near you at the door?
Behold! for tho' to reas'ning blind,
Signs of the times ye ſure might mind,
And view impending fate as plain
As ye'd foretell a ſhow'r of rain.

"Hath not Heav'n warn'd you what muſt enſue,
And Providence declar'd againſt you;
Hung forth its dire portents of war,
By * ſigns and beacons in the air;
Alarm'd old women all around
By fearful noiſes under ground;
While earth for many dozen leagues
Groan'd with her diſmal load of Whigs?

* Such ſtories of prodigies were at that time induſtriouſly propagated by the Tory-party in various parts of New-England, to terrify and intimidate the ſuperſtitious.

Was

Was there a meteor far and wide
But muſter'd on the Tory-ſide?
A ſtar malign that has not bent
Its aſpects for the Parliament,
Foreboding your defeat and miſery;
As once they fought againſt old Siſera?
Was there a cloud that ſpread the ſkies,
But bore our armies of allies?
While dreadful hoſts of fire ſtood forth
'Mid baleful glimm'rings from the North *;
Which plainly ſhows which part they join'd,
For North's the miniſter, ye mind;
Whence oft your quibblers in gazettes
On *Northern blaſts* have ſtrain'd their wits;
And think ye not the clouds know how
To make the pun as well as you?
Did there ariſe an apparition,
But grinn'd forth ruin to ſedition?
A death-watch, but has join'd our leagues,
And click'd deſtruction to the Whigs?

* It is ſaid to be a fact, that in America, about the commencement of the war, the *aurora borealis* appeared more frequently than uſual, and aſſumed more ſingular appearances. Our hero's reaſoning on this phænomenon is preciſely that of many of his countrymen of that day; and there is no doubt but the government of Great-Britain gained many ſubſtantial proſelytes and friends, from the mere circumſtance of the orthography of the *name* of the miniſter, whom our gracious Sovereign appointed to conduct that glorious war. *Edit.*

Heard ye not, when the wind was fair,
At night our or'tors in the air,
That, loud as admiralty-libel,
Read awful chapters from the bible,
And death and deviltry denounc'd,
And told you how you'd ſoon be trounc'd?
I ſee, to join our conqu'ring ſide
Heav'n, earth, and hell at once allied!
See from your overthrow and end
The Tories paradiſe aſcend;
Like that new world that claims its ſtation
Beyond the final conflagration!
I ſee the day that lots your ſhare
In utter darkneſs and deſpair;
The day of joy, when North, our Lord,
His faithful fav'rites ſhall reward!
No Tory then ſhall ſet before him
Small wiſh of 'Squire, or Juſtice Quorum,
But 'fore his unmiſtaken eyes
See Lordſhips, poſts and penſions riſe.
Awake to gladneſs then, ye Tories,
Th' unbounded proſpect lies before us:
The pow'r diſplay'd in Gage's banners
Shall cut Amer'can lands to manors,
And o'er our happy conquer'd ground
Diſpenſe eſtates and titles round.

Behold.

Behold, the world ſhall ſtare at new ſets
Of home-made * earls in Maſſachuſetts;
Admire, array'd in ducal taſſels,
Your Ol'vers, Hutchinſons, and Vaſſals;
See, join'd in miniſterial work,
His grace of Albany and York!
What Lordſhips from each carv'd eſtate,
On our New-York Aſſembly wait!
What titled † Jauncys, Gales, and Billops;
Lord Bruſh, Lord Wilkins, and Lord Phillips!
In wide-ſleev'd pomp of godly guiſe,
What ſolemn rows of biſhops riſe!
Aloft a card'nal's hat is ſpread
O'er punſter ‡ Cooper's rev'rend head!
In Vardell, that poetic zealot,
I view a lawn-bedizen'd prelate!
While mitres fall, as 'tis their duty,
On heads of Chandler and Auchmuty!
Knights, viſcounts, barons, ſhall ye meet,
As thick as pavements in the ſtreet!

* See Hutchinſon's and Oliver's Letters.

† Members of the miniſterial Majority in the New-York Aſſembly; Wilkins, a noted writer.

‡ Preſident Cooper is a notorious punſter: Vardell, author of ſome poetical ſatires on the ſons of liberty in New-York, and royal profeſſor in King's college; Chandler and Auchmuty, High-church and Tory-writers of the clerical order.

Ev'n I, perhaps, Heav'n ſpeed my claim,
Shall fix a *Sir* before my name.
For titles all our foreheads ache;
For what bleſt changes can they make!
Place rev'rence, grace, and excellence
Where neither claim'd the leaſt pretence;
Transform by patent's magic words
Men, likeſt Devils, into Lords;
Whence commoners, to peers tranſlated,
Are juſtly ſaid to be *created!*
Now where commiſſioners ye ſaw
Shall boards of nobles deal you law!
Long-rob'd comptrollers judge your rights,
And tide-waiters ſtart up in knights!
While Whigs ſubdu'd in ſlaviſh awe,
Our wood ſhall hew, our water draw,
And bleſs that mildneſs, when paſt hope,
Which ſav'd their necks from nooſe of rope.
For as to gain aſſiſtance we
Deſign their Negroes to ſet free;
For Whigs, when we enough ſhall bang 'em,
Perhaps 'tis better not to hang 'em;
Except their chiefs; the vulgar knaves
Will do more good preſerv'd for ſlaves."
" 'Tis well, Honorius cried, your ſcheme
Has painted out a pretty dream.
We can't confute your ſecond ſight;
We ſhall be ſlaves and you a knight:

Theſe

Theſe things muſt come: but I divine
They'll come not in your day, or mine.
But oh, my friends, my brethren, hear,
And turn for once th' attentive ear.
Ye ſee how prompt to aid our woes,
The tender mercies of our foes;
Ye ſee with what unvaried rancour
Still for our blood their minions hanker,
Nor aught can ſate their mad ambition,
From us, but death, or worſe, ſubmiſſion.
Shall theſe then riot in our ſpoil,
Reap the glad harveſt of our toil,
Riſe from their country's ruin proud,
And roll their chariot wheels in blood?
And can ye ſleep while high outſpread
Hangs deſolation o'er your head?
See Gage with inauſpicious ſtar
Has op'd the gates of civil war;
When ſtreams of gore from freemen ſlain,
Encrimſon'd Concord's fatal plain;
Whoſe warning voice, with awful ſound,
Still cries, like Abel's, from the ground,
And Heav'n, attentive to its call,
Shall doom the proud oppreſſor's fall."
" Riſe then, ere ruin ſwift ſurprize,
To victory, to vengeance riſe!
Hark, how the diſtant din alarms!
The echoing trumpet breathes, to arms;

From provinces remote, afar,
The ſons of glory rouze to war;
'Tis freedom calls; th' enraptur'd ſound
The Apalachian hills rebound;
The Georgian ſhores her voice ſhall hear,
And ſtart from lethargies of fear.
From the parch'd zone, with glowing ray,
Where pours the ſun intenſer day,
To ſhores where icy waters roll,
And tremble to the duſky pole,
Inſpir'd by freedom's heav'nly charms,
United nations wake to arms.
The ſtar of conqueſt lights their way,
And guides their vengeance on their prey—
Yes, tho' tyrannic force oppoſe,
Still ſhall they triumph o'er their foes,
Till Heav'n the happy land ſhall bleſs,
With ſafety, liberty, and peace."
" And ye whoſe ſouls of daſtard mould
Start at the brav'ry of the bold;
To love your country who pretend,
Yet want all ſpirit to defend;
Who feel your fancies ſo prolific,
Engend'ring viſion'd whims terrific,
O'er-run with horrors of coercion,
Fire, blood, and thunder in reverſion,
King's ſtandards, pill'ries, confiſcations,
And Gage's ſcare-crow proclamations,

With

With all the trumpery of fear;
Hear bullets whizzing in your rear;
Who ſcarce could rouze, if caught in fray,
Preſence of mind to run away;
See nought but halters riſe to view
In all your dreams, (and dreams are true;)
And while theſe phantoms haunt your brains,
Bow down the willing neck to chains.
Heav'ns! are ye ſons of ſires ſo great,
Immortal in the fields of fate,
Who brav'd all deaths by land or ſea,
Who bled, who conquer'd to be free!
Hence! coward ſouls, the worſt diſgrace
Of our forefathers' valiant race;
Hie homeward from the glorious field;
There turn the wheel, the diſtaff wield;
Act what ye are, nor dare to ſtain
The warrior's arms with touch profane:
There beg your more heroic wives
To guard your children and your lives;
Beneath their aprons find a ſcreen,
Nor dare to mingle more with men."
" As thus he ſaid, the Tories' anger
Could now reſtrain itſelf no longer,
Who tried before by many a freak, or
Inſulting noiſe, to ſtop the ſpeaker;
Swung th' unoil'd hinge of each pew-door;
Their feet kept ſhuffling on the floor;

Made

Made their diſapprobation known
By many a murmur, hum, and groan,
That to his ſpeech ſupplied the place
Of counterpart in thorough-baſe:
As bag-pipes, while the tune they breathe,
Still drone and grumble underneath;
Or as the fam'd Demoſthenes
Harangu'd the rumbling of the ſeas,
Held forth with eloquence full grave
To audience loud of wind and wave;
And had a ſtiller congregation
Than Tories are to hear th' oration.
But now the ſtorm grew high and louder,
As nearer thundrings of a cloud are,
And ev'ry ſoul with heart and voice
Supplied his quota of the noiſe;
Each liſt'ning ear was ſet on torture
Each Tory bell'wing out, to order;
And ſome, with tongue not low or weak,
Were clam'ring faſt, for leave to ſpeak;
The moderator, with great vi'lence,
The cuſhion thump'd with "Silence! ſilence!"
The conſtable to ev'ry prater
Bawl'd out, "Pray hear the moderator;"
Some call'd the vote, and ſome, in turn,
Were ſcreaming high, "Adjourn, adjourn."
Not chaos heard ſuch jars and claſhes
When all the el'ments fought for places.

Each

Each bludgeon ſoon for blows was tim'd;
Each fiſt ſtood ready cock'd and prim'd;
The ſtorm each moment louder grew;
His ſword the great M'Fingal drew,
Prepar'd in either chance to ſhare,
To keep the peace, or aid the war.
Nor lack'd they each poetic being,
Whom bards alone are ſkill'd in ſeeing;
Plum'd Victory ſtood perch'd on high,
Upon the pulpit-canopy,
To join, as is her cuſtom tried,
Like Indians, on the ſtrongeſt ſide;
The Deſtinies with ſhears and diſtaff,
Drew near, their threads of life to twiſt off;
The Furies 'gan to feaſt on blows,
And broken heads or bloody noſe;
When on a ſudden, from without,
Aroſe a loud terrific ſhout;
And ſtrait the people all at once heard
Of tongues an univerſal concert;
Like Æſop's times, as fable runs,
When ev'ry creature talk'd at once;
Or like the variegated gabble
That craz'd the carpenters of Babel.
Each party ſoon forgot the quarrel,
And let the other go on parole;
Eager to know what fearful matter
Had conjur'd up ſuch gen'ral clatter;

And left the church in thin array,
As tho' it had been lecture-day.
Our 'Squire M'Fingal ſtraitway beckon'd
The conſtable to ſtand his ſecond,
And ſallied forth with aſpect fierce
The croud aſſembled to diſperſe.
The moderator, out of view
Beneath a bench, had lain perdue;
Peep'd up his head to view the fray,
Beheld the wranglers run away,
And, left alone, with ſolemn face,
Adjourn'd them without time or place.

END OF CANTO SECOND.

M'FINGAL:

CANTO THIRD.

The Liberty-Pole.

NOW arm'd with miniſterial ire,
Fierce ſallied forth our loyal 'Squire,
And on his ſtriding ſteps attends,
His deſp'rate clan of Tory friends;
When ſudden met his angry eye,
A pole aſcending thro' the ſky,
Which num'rous throngs of Whiggiſh race
Were raiſing in the market-place;
Not higher ſchool-boys kites aſpire,
Or royal maſt, or country ſpire,

Like ſpears at Brobdignagian tilting,
Or Satan's walking-ſtaff in Milton;
And on its top the flag unfurl'd,
Wav'd triumph o'er the proſtrate world,
Inſcrib'd with inconſiſtent types
Of *liberty* and *thirteen ſtripes* *.
Beneath, the croud, without delay,
The dedication-rites eſſay,
And gladly pay, in ancient faſhion,
The ceremonies of libation;
While briſkly to each patriot lip
Walks eager round th' inſpiring flip †:
Delicious draught, whoſe pow'rs inherit
The quinteſſence of public ſpirit!
Which whoſo taſtes, perceives his mind
To nobler politics refin'd,
Or rouz'd for martial controverſy,
As from transforming cups of Circe;
Or warm'd with Homer's nectar'd liquor,
That fill'd the veins of gods with ichor.
At hand for new ſupplies in ſtore,
The tavern opes its friendly door,
Whence to and fro the waiters run,
Like bucket-men, at fires in town.

* *Thirteen ſtripes*, the American flag. *Edit.*

† *Flip* is a liquor compoſed of beer, rum, and ſugar. The Poet ſuppoſes large drafts of this liquor to be uſed in the dedication of the Liberty Pole; which ſhows that he is not unacquainted with the people whoſe manners he deſcribes. *Edit.*

Then with three ſhouts that tore the ſky,
'Tis conſecrate to Liberty;
To guard it from th' attacks of Tories,
A grand committee cull'd of four is,
Who, foremoſt on the patriot ſpot,
Had brought the flip and paid the ſhot.
By this, M'Fingal, with his train,
Advanc'd upon th' adjacent plain,
And fierce, with loyal rage poſſeſs'd,
Pour'd forth the zeal, that fir'd his breaſt.
" What mad-brain'd rebel gave commiſſion,
To raiſe this May-pole of ſedition!
Like Babel rear'd by bawling throngs,
With like confuſion too of tongues,
To point at Heav'n, and ſummon down
The thunders of the Britiſh crown?
Say, will this paltry pole ſecure
Your forfeit heads from Gage's pow'r?
Attack'd by heroes brave and crafty,
Is this to ſtand your ark of ſafety?
Or driv'n by Scottiſh laird and laddie,
Think ye to reſt beneath its ſhadow?
When bombs, like fiery ſerpents, fly,
And balls move hiſſing thro' the ſky,
Will this vile pole, devote to freedom,
Save like the Jewiſh pole in Edom,
Or like the brazen ſnake of Moſes,
Cure your crackt ſkulls and batter'd noſes?

Ye

Ye dupes to ev'ry factious rogue,
Or tavern-prating demagogue,
Whoſe tongue but rings, with ſound more full,
On th' empty drumhead of his ſkull;
Behold you not what noiſy fools
Uſe you, worſe ſimpletons, for tools?
For Liberty in your own by-ſenſe
Is but for crimes a patent licence;
To break of law th' Egyptian yoke,
And throw the world in common ſtock,
Reduce all grievances and ills
To Magna Charta of your wills,
Eſtabliſh cheats and frauds and nonſenſe,
Fram'd by the model of your conſcience,
Cry juſtice down, as out of faſhion,
And fix its ſcale of depreciation *,
Defy all creditors to trouble ye,
And paſs new years of Jewiſh jubilee;
Drive judges out, like Aaron's calves,
By juriſdiction of white ſtaves,
And make the bar and bench and ſteeple,
Submit t' our ſov'reign Lord, the People;
Aſſure each knave his whole aſſets,
By gen'ral amneſty of debts;

* Alluding to the depreciation of the continental paper-money. The declining value of this Currency was aſcertained and declared by Congreſs, in what was called *a ſcale of depreciation*. See more of this ſubject in the laſt Canto. *Edit.*

By

By plunder riſe to pow'r and glory,
And brand all property as Tory;
Expoſe all wares to lawful ſeizures
Of mobbers and monopolizers;
Break heads and windows and the peace,
For your own int'reſt and increaſe;
Diſpute and pray and fight and groan,
For public good, and mean your own;
Prevent the laws, by fierce attacks,
From quitting ſcores upon your backs,
Lay your old dread, the gallows, low,
And ſeize the ſtocks, your ancient foe;
And turn them, as convenient engines
To wreak your patriotic vengeance;
While all, your claims who underſtand,
Confeſs they're in the owner's hand:
And when by clamours and confuſions,
Your freedom's grown a public nuiſance,
Cry, *Liberty*, with pow'rful yearning,
As he does, *fire*, whoſe houſe is burning,
Tho' he already has much more,
Than he can find occaſion for.
While ev'ry dunce, that turns the plains,
Tho' bankrupt in eſtate and brains,
By this new light transform'd to traitor,
Forſakes his plow, to turn dictator,
Starts an haranguing chief of Whigs,
And drags you by the ears, like pigs.

All

All bluſter arm'd with factious licence,
Transform'd at once to politicians;
Each leather-apron'd clown, grown wiſe,
Preſents his forward face t' adviſe,
And tatter'd legiſlators meet
From ev'ry work-ſhop thro' the ſtreet;
His gooſe the tailor finds new uſe in,
To patch and turn the conſtitution;
The blackſmith comes with fledge and grate,
To iron-bind the wheels of ſtate;
The quack forbears his patient's louſe,
To purge the Council and the Houſe;
The tinker quits his moulds and doxies,
To caſt aſſembly men at proxies.
From dunghills deep of fable hue,
Your dirt-bred patriots ſpring to view,
To wealth and pow'r and penſion riſe,
Like new-wing'd maggots chang'd to flies;
And flutt'ring round in proud parade,
Strut in the robe, or gay cockade.
See * Ar—d quits, for ways more certain,
His bankrupt perj'ries for his fortune;

Brews

* Ar—d's perjuries at the time of his pretended bankruptcy, which was the firſt riſe of his fortune; and his curious lawſuit againſt a brother-ſkipper, who had charged him with having caught the above-mentioned diſeaſe, by his connection with a certain African princeſs in the Weſt-Indies, with its humour-
ous

Brews rum no longer in his ſtore,
Jockey and ſkipper now no more;
Forſakes his warehouſes and docks,
And writs of ſlander for the pox,
And, purg'd by patriotiſm from ſhame,
Grows Gen'ral of the foremoſt name.

* *Hiatus.*

For in this ferment of the ſtream,
The dregs have work'd up to the brim,
And by the rule of topſy-turvys,
The ſkum ſtands ſwelling on the ſurface.
You've caus'd your pyramid t' aſcend,
And ſet on the little end;
Like Hudibras, your empire's made,
Whoſe crupper had o'er-top'd his head;
You've puſh'd and turn'd the whole world up-
Side down, and got yourſelves a-top:
While all the great ones of your ſtate,
Are cruſh'd beneath the pop'lar weight;
Nor can you boaſt this preſent hour,
The ſhadow of the form of pow'r.

ous iſſue, are matters, not I believe ſo generally known, as the other circumſtances of his public and private character.

* M'Fingal having here inſerted the names and characters of ſeveral great men, whom the public have not yet fully detected, it is thought proper to omit ſundry paragraphs of his ſpeech, in the preſent edition.

For what's your Congreſs *, or its end?
A Power t' adviſe and recommend;
To call for troops, adjuſt your quotas,
And yet no ſoul is bound to notice;
To pawn your faith to th' utmoſt limit,
But cannot bind you to redeem it,
And when in want, no more in them lies,
Than begging of your State-Aſſemblies;
Can utter oracles of dread,
Like Friar Bacon's brazen head;
But ſhould a faction e'er diſpute 'em,
Has ne'er an arm to execute 'em.
As tho' you choſe ſupreme dictators,
And put them under conſervators;
You've but purſu'd the ſelf-ſame way,
With Shakeſpeare's Trinclo in the play,

* The author here, in a true ſtrain of patriotic cenſure, pointed out the principal defects in the firſt federal Conſtitution of the United States; all which have been ſince removed in the New Conſtitution, eſtabliſhed in the year 1789. So that the prophecy below, *You'll ne'er have ſenſe enough to mend it*, muſt be ranked among the other ſage blunders of his ſecond-ſighted Hero. But the great M'Fingal himſelf has the ſatisfaction of being kept in countenance by the whole galaxy of Statesmen and Philoſophers in Europe, who believe and teach, that no people can have ſenſe enough to make their own laws. Theſe men may turn, in a future day, to this great luminary of American royaliſm, and boaſt at leaſt of the honour *cum Platone errare*. *Edit.*

" You ſhall be viceroys here, 'tis true,
But we'll be viceroys over you."
What wild confuſion hence muſt enſue,
Tho' common danger yet cements you;
So ſome wreck'd veſſel, all in ſhatters,
Is held up by ſurrounding waters,
But ſtranded, when the preſſure ceaſes,
Falls, by its rottenneſs, to pieces.
And fall it muſt—if wars were ended,
You'll ne'er have ſenſe enough to mend it;
But creeping on with low intrigues
Like vermin of an hundred legs,
Will find as ſhort a life aſſign'd
As all things elſe of reptile kind.
Your Commonwealth's a common harlot,
The property of ev'ry varlet,
Which, now in taſte and full employ,
All ſorts admire, as all enjoy;
But ſoon a batter'd ſtrumpet grown,
You'll curſe and drum her out of town.
Such is the government you choſe.
For this you bade the world be foes,
For this, ſo mark'd for diſſolution,
You ſcorn the Britiſh conſtitution;
That conſtitution, form'd by ſages,
The wonder of all modern ages:
Which owns no failure in reality,
Except corruption and venality;

And only proves the adage juſt,
That beſt things ſpoil'd, corrupt to worſt:
So man, ſupreme in mortal ſtation,
And mighty lord of this creation,
When once his corſe is dead as herring,
Becomes the moſt offenſive carrion,
And ſooner breeds the plague, 'tis found,
Than all beaſts rotting 'bove the ground.
Yet for this gov'rnment, to diſmay us,
You've call'd up Anarchy from Chaos,
With all the followers of her ſchool,
Uproar and Rage and wild Miſrule;
For whom this rout of Whigs diſtracted
And ravings dire of ev'ry crack'd head;
Theſe new-caſt legiſlative engines
Of country-muſters and conventions,
Committees vile of correſpondence,
And mobs, whoſe tricks have almoſt undone 's;
While reaſon fails to check your courſe,
And loyalty's kick'd out of doors,
And folly, like inviting landlord,
Hoiſts on your poles her royal ſtandard.
While the king's friends in doleful dumps,
Have worn their courage to the ſtumps,
And leaving George in ſad diſaſter,
Moſt ſinfully deny their maſter.

What

What furies rag'd, when you in ſea,
In ſhape of Indians drown'd the tea *,
When your gay ſparks, fatigu'd to watch it,
Aſſumed the moggiſon and hatchet,
With wampom'd blankets hid their laces,
And, like their ſweet-hearts, primed their faces:
While not a Red-coat dar'd oppoſe,
And ſcarce a Tory ſhow'd his noſe;
While Hutchinſon for ſure retreat,
Manœuvred to his country ſeat,
And thence affrighted in the ſuds,
Stole off bare-headed thro' the woods!
Have you not rous'd your mobs to join,
And make Mandamus-men reſign,
Call'd forth each duffil-dreſs'd curmudgeon,
With dirty trowſers and white bludgeon,
Forc'd all our Councils thro' the land,
To yield their necks to your command;
While paleneſs marks their late diſgraces
Thro' all their rueful length of faces?
Have you not caus'd as woful work
In loyal city of New-York †,
When all the rabble, well cockaded,
In triumph thro' the ſtreets paraded;

* The perſons who deſtroyed the cargo of tea, above referred to, were diſguiſed in the habit of Indians. *Edit.*

† There were ſo many influential Tories in New-York, that they at firſt obtained a vote in favour of the Acts of Parliament, and againſt the proceedings of the firſt Congreſs. *Edit.*

And

And mobb'd the Tories, ſcar'd their ſpouſes,
And ranſack'd all the cuſtom-houſes,
Made ſuch a tumult, bluſter, jarring,
That 'mid the claſh of tempeſts warring,
Smith's weathercock, with veers forlorn *,
Could hardly tell which way to turn;
Burnt effigies of th' Higher Powers,
Contriv'd in planetary hours,
As witches, with clay-images,
Deſtroy or torture whom they pleaſe;
'Till fir'd with rage, th' ungrateful club
Spar'd not your beſt friend, Belzebub,
O'er-look'd his favours, and forgot
The rev'rence due t' his cloven foot;
And in the ſelf-ſame furnace frying,
Burn'd him, and North, and Bute, and Tryon †?
Did you not in as vile and ſhallow way,
Fright our poor Philadelphian, ‡ Galloway,

* William Smith, formerly a lawyer in New-York. We believe he is now a Chief-Juſtice in one of the Canadas. *Edit.*

† Tryon, being now dead, is probably forgot. The Engliſh reader muſt know that he was governor of New-York, and a Britiſh general during the war. He had the glory of burning the towns of Fairfield and Norwalk, and of iſſuing many proclamations. The other perſonages that make up this *kettle of fiſh*, Bute, Belzebub, and North, are ſtill living, and therefore want no explanation. *Edit.*

‡ Galloway began by being a flaming patriot. He is one of the few men, who proved a traitor to his country, wrote againſt it, and ran away. *Edit.*

Your

Your Congreſs when the daring ribald
Belied, berated, and beſcribbled?
What ropes and halters did you ſend,
Terrific emblems of his end,
Till, leaſt he'd hang in more than effigy,
Fled in a fog the trembling refugee?
Now riſing in progreſſion fatal,
Have you not ventur'd to give battle?
When treaſon chac'd our heroes troubled,
With ruſty gun and leathern doublet,
Turn'd all ſtone-walls, and groves, and buſhes,
To batt'ries arm'd with blunderbuſſes,
And with deep wounds, that fate portend,
Gaul'd many a Reg'lar's latter end,
Drove them to Boſton, as in jail,
Confin'd without main-prize or bail.
Were not theſe deeds enough betimes,
To heap the meaſure of your crimes,
But in this loyal town and dwelling,
You raiſe theſe enſigns of rebellion?
'Tis done; fair Mercy ſhuts her door;
And Vengeance now ſhall ſleep no more;
Riſe then, my friends, in terror riſe,
And wipe this ſcandal from the ſkies!
You'll ſee their Dagon, tho' well jointed,
Will ſink before the Lord's anointed,
And like old Jericho's proud wall,
Before our ram's horns proſtrate fall."

This

This ſaid our 'Squire, yet undiſmay'd,
Call'd forth the Conſtable to aid,
And bade him read in nearer ſtation,
The riot-act and proclamation *;
Who, now advancing tow'rd the ring,
Began, "Our ſov'reign Lord the King"—
When thouſand clam'rous tongues he hears,
And clubs and ſtones aſſail his ears;
To fly was vain, to fight was idle,
By foes encompaſs'd in the middle;
In ſtratagem his aid he found,
And fell right craftily to ground;
Then crept to ſeek an hiding place,
'Twas all he could, beneath a brace;
Where ſoon the conqu'ring crew eſpied him,
And where he lurk'd, they caught and tied him.
At once with reſolution fatal,
Both Whigs and Tories ruſh'd to battle;
Inſtead of weapons, either band
Seiz'd on ſuch arms, as came to hand.
And as fam'd † Ovid paints th' adventures
Of wrangling Lapithæ and Centaurs,

* *Reading the Riot-act* has the ſame miraculous effect in America as in England: it may convert any collection of men into a *riot*, and is the tremendous prologue to any tragedy that may reſult from the exerciſe of Martial Law. *Edit.*

† Ovid's Metamorphoſes, Book xii.

Who

Who at their feaſt, by Bacchus led,
Threw bottles at each other's head,
And theſe arms failing in their ſcuffles,
Attack'd with hand-irons, tongs, and ſhovels:
So clubs and billets, ſtaves and ſtones
Met fierce, encount'ring ev'ry ſconce,
And cover'd o'er with knobs and pains
Each void receptacle for brains;
Their clamours rend the hills around,
And earth rebellows with the ſound;
And many a groan increas'd the din
From broken noſe and batter'd ſhin.
M'Fingal, riſing at the word,
Drew forth his old militia ſword;
Thrice cried, "King George," as erſt in diſtreſs
Romancing heroes did their miſtreſs,
And, brandiſhing the blade in air,
Struck terror thro' th' oppoſing war.
The Whigs, unſafe within the wind
Of ſuch commotion, ſhrunk behind.
With whirling ſteel around addreſs'd,
Fierce thro' their thickeſt throng he preſs'd,
(Who roll'd on either ſide in arch,
Like Red-ſea waves in Iſrael's march)
And like a meteor ruſhing through,
Struck on their pole a vengeful blow.
Around, the Whigs, of clubs and ſtones
Diſcharg'd whole vollies in platoons,

That o'er in whiſtling terror fly,
But not a foe dares venture nigh.
And now, perhaps, with conqueſt crown'd,
Our 'Squire had fell'd their pole to ground;
Had not ſome Pow'r, a Whig at heart,
Deſcended down and took their part,
(Whether 'twere Pallas, Mars, or Iris,
'Tis ſcarce worth while to make enquiries,)
Who at the nick of time alarming,
Aſſum'd the graver form of Chairman;
Addreſs'd a Whig, in ev'ry ſcene
The ſtouteſt wreſtler on the green,
And pointed where the ſpade was found,
Late us'd to fix the pole in ground,
And urg'd with equal arms and might
To dare our 'Squire to ſingle fight *.
The Whig thus arm'd, untaught to yield,
Advanc'd tremendous to the field;
Nor did M'Fingal ſhun the foe,
But ſtood to brave the deſp'rate blow;
While all the party gaz'd ſuſpended,
To ſee the deadly combat ended.
And Jove in equal balance weigh'd
The ſword againſt the brandiſh'd ſpade,

* The learned reader will readily obſerve the alluſions in this ſcene to the ſingle combat of Paris and Menelaus in Homer, Æneas and Turnus in Virgil, and Michael and Satan in Milton.

He

He weigh'd; but lighter than a dream,
The ſword flew up and kick'd the beam.
Our 'Squire on tiptoe riſing fair,
Lifts high a noble ſtroke in air,
Which hung not, but like dreadful engines
Deſcended on the foe in vengeance.
But ah! in danger with diſhonour,
The ſword perfidious fails its owner;
That ſword, which oft had ſtood its ground
By huge train-bands encompaſs'd round *,
Or on the bench, with blade right loyal,
Had won the day at many a trial,
Of ſtones and clubs had brav'd th' alarms,
Shrunk from theſe new Vulcanian arms.
The ſpade ſo temper'd from the ſledge,
Nor keen nor ſolid harm'd its edge,
Now met it from his arm of might
Deſcending with ſteep force to ſmite;
The blade ſnapp'd ſhort—and from his hand
With ruſt embrown'd the glitt'ring ſand.
Swift turn'd M'Fingal at the view,
And call'd for aid th' attendant crew,
In vain; the Tories all had run,
When ſcarce the fight was well begun;
Their ſetting wigs he ſaw decreas'd,
Far in th' horizon tow'rd the weſt.

* A *train-band* is a Captain's company in the Militia. The word is particularly applicable to ſuch a company, when paraded for manual exerciſe. *Edit.*

Amaz'd he view'd the ſhameful fight,
And ſaw no refuge but in flight:
But age unweildy check'd his pace,
Tho' fear had wing'd his flying race;
For not a trifling prize at ſtake;
No leſs than great M'Fingal's back.
With legs and arms he work'd his courſe,
Like rider that outgoes his horſe,
And labour'd hard to get away, as
Old Satan * ſtruggling on thro' Chaos:
Till, looking back, he ſpied in rear
The ſpade arm'd chief advanc'd too near.
Then ſtopp'd and ſeiz'd a ſtone that lay,
An antient land-mark near the way;
Nor ſhall we, as old Bards have done,
Affirm it weigh'd an hundred ton:
But ſuch a ſtone as at a ſhift
A modern might ſuffice to lift.
Since men, to credit their enigmas,
Are dwindled down to dwarfs and pigmies;
And giants, exil'd with their cronies,
To Brobdingnags and Patagonias.
But while our hero turn'd him round,
And ſtoop'd to raiſe it from the ground,
The deadly ſpade diſcharg'd a blow
Tremendous on his rear below:
His bent knee fail'd, and void of ſtrength,
Stretch'd on the ground his manly length;

* In Milton.

Like

Like antient oak o'er-turn'd he lay,
Or tow'rs to tempeſts fall'n a prey,
And more things elſe—but all men know 'em,
If ſlightly vers'd in Epic Poem.
At once the crew, at this ſad criſis,
Fall on, and bind him ere he riſes,
And with loud ſhouts, and joyful ſoul,
Conduct him pris'ner to the pole.
When now the Mob in lucky hour,
Had got their en'mies in their pow'r,
They firſt proceed, by wiſe command,
To take the conſtable in hand.
Then from the pole's ſublimeſt top
They ſpeeded to let down the rope,
At once its other end in haſte bind,
And make it faſt upon his waiſtband,
Till, like the earth, as ſtretch'd on tenter,
He hung ſelf-balanc'd on his center.
Then upwards, all hands hoiſting ſail,
They ſwung him, like a keg of ale;
Till to the pinnacle ſo fair,
He roſe like meteor in the air:
As * Socrates of old at firſt did
To aid philoſophy get hoiſted,
And found his thoughts flow ſtrangely clear,
Swung in a baſket in mid air:

* Socrates is repreſented in Ariſtophanes's Comedy of the Clouds, as hoiſted in a baſket to aid contemplation.

Our

Our culprit thus in purer ſky,
With like advantage rais'd his eye;
And look g forth in proſpect wide
His Tory errors clearly ſpied,
And from his elevated ſtation,
With bawling voice began addreſſing.
" Good gentlemen, and friends, and kin,
For Heav'n's ſake hear, if not for mine!
I here renounce the Pope, the Turks,
The King, the Devil, and all their works;
And will, ſet me but once at eaſe,
Turn Whig or Chriſtian, what you pleaſe;
And always mind your laws as juſtly;
Should I live long as old Methus'lah,
I'll never join with Britiſh rage,
Nor help Lord North, or Gen'ral Gage,
Nor lift my gun in future fights,
Nor take away your charter'd rights;
Nor overcome your new-rais'd levies,
Deſtroy your towns, nor burn your navies;
Nor cut your poles down while I've breath,
Tho' rais'd more thick than hatchel teeth:
But leave king George and all his elves
To do their conqu'ring work themſelves."
This ſaid, they lower'd him down in ſtate,
Spread at all points, like falling cat;
But took a vote firſt on the queſtion,
That they'd accept this full confeſſion,

And to their fellowſhip and favour,
Reſtore him on his good behaviour.
Not ſo, our 'Squire ſubmits to rule,
But ſtood heroic as a mule.
" You'll find it all in vain, quoth he,
To play your rebel tricks on me.
All puniſhments the world can render,
Serve only to provoke th' offender;
The will's confirm'd by treatment horrid,
As hides grow harder when they're curri'd.
No man e'er felt the halter draw,
With good opinion of the law;
Or held in method orthodox
His love of juſtice in the ſtocks;
Or fail'd to loſe by ſheriff's ſhears
At once his loyalty and ears.
Have you made Murray look leſs big,
Or ſmoak'd old Williams to a Whig?
Did our mobb'd * Oliver quit his ſtation,
Or heed his vows of reſignation?

Has

* This is the " Chief-Judge Oliver" of the firſt Canto, in whoſe appointment the ſagacious M'Fingal perceives that Heaven had no hand. One ground of the quarrel between the Britiſh government and the people of Maſſachuſetts, was the act by which the Judges of the Colony were rendered independent of the Colony for their ſalary, as well as for their places; which was contrary to ancient uſage. When the people felt theſe particular acts of oppreſſion from a power three thouſand miles

Has Rivington *, in dread of ſtripes,
Ceas'd lying ſince you ſtole his types?
And can you think my faith will alter,
By tarring, whipping, or the halter?
I'll ſtand the worſt; for recompence
I truſt King George and Providence.
And when, our conqueſt gain'd, I come,
Array'd in law and terror, home,
You'll rue this inauſpicious morn,
And curſe the day you e'er were born,
In Job's high ſtyle of imprecations,
With all his plagues, without his patience."

miles diſtant, their only method of redreſs was, to prevent any perſon from accepting an office, or from exerciſing its functions, under ſuch an act. This expedient had been ſucceſsful in the caſe of the Stamp-act a few years before; and the people now applied to Judge Oliver, requeſting him to reſign an office, the new arrangement of which ſo manifeſtly ſtruck at the foundation of their liberty. The Judge promiſed to reſign his place; but afterwards claimed that "*higheſt privilege of ſpeech*," which M'Fingal has ſo well vindicated in favour of General Gage. *Edit.*

* Here again is an old acquaintance of the firſt Canto. His paper, entitled *The Royal Gazette*, had, by a ſtrange combination of circumſtances, obtained the name, through all the country, of *The Lying Gazette*. It was on this account that the people at a certain time ſent a committee to take away his *types*. But this meaſure was as ineffectual as thoſe that were uſed with Murray, Williams, Oliver, &c. *Edit.*

Meanwhile

Meanwhile, beſide the pole, the guard
A Bench of Juſtice had prepar'd,
Where, ſitting round in awful ſort,
The grand Committee hold their court;
While all the crew, in ſilent awe,
Wait from their lips the lore of law.
Few moments, with deliberation,
They hold the ſolemn conſultation,
When ſoon in judgment all agree,
And Clerk declares the dread decree;
" That 'Squire M'Fingal having grown
The vileſt Tory in the town,
And now on full examination,
Convicted by his own confeſſion,
Finding no tokens of repentance,
This Court proceed to render ſentence:
That firſt the Mob a ſlip-knot ſingle
Tie round the neck of ſaid M'Fingal;
And in due form do tar him next,
And feather, as the law directs;
Then thro' the town attendant ride him,
In cart, with Conſtable beſide him;
And having held him up to ſhame,
Bring to the pole from whence he came."
Forthwith the crowd proceed to deck,
With halter'd nooſe, M'Fingal's neck,
While he, in peril of his ſoul,
Stood tied half-hanging to the pole;

Then lifting high the pond'rous jar,
Pour'd o'er his head the ſmoaking tar:
With leſs profuſion erſt was ſpread
The Jewiſh oil on royal head,
That down his beard and veſtments ran,
And cover'd all his outward man.
As when (ſo * Claudian ſings) the gods
And earth-born giants fell at odds,
The ſtout Enceladus in malice
Tore mountains up to throw at Pallas;
And as he held them o'er his head,
The river from their fountains fed,
Pour'd down his back its copious tide,
And wore its channels in his hide:
So from the high rais'd urn the torrents,
Spread down his ſide their various currents;
His flowing wig, as next the brim,
Firſt met and drank the ſable ſtream;
Adown his viſage, ſtern and grave,
Roll'd and adhered the viſcid wave;
With arms depending as he ſtood,
Each cuff capacious holds the flood;
From noſe and chin's remoteſt end,
The tarry icicles depend;
Till all o'erſpread, with colours gay
He glitter'd to the weſtern ray,

* Claudian's Gigantomachia.

Like

Like fleet-bound trees in wintry ſkies,
Or Lapland idol carv'd in ice.
And now the feather-bag diſplay'd,
Is wav'd in triumph o'er his head,
And ſpread him o'er with feathers miſſive,
And down, upon the tar adheſive:
Not Maia's ſon, with wings for ears,
Such plumes around his viſage wears;
Nor Milton's ſix-wing'd angel gathers,
Such ſuperfluity of feathers.
Till all compleat appears our 'Squire
Like Gorgon or Chimera dire;
Nor more could boaſt on * Plato's plan
To rank amid the race of man,
Or prove his claim to human nature,
As a two-legg'd, unfeather'd creature.

Then on the two-wheel'd car of ſtate,
They rais'd our grand Duumvirate.
And as at Rome a like committee,
That found an owl within their city,
With ſolemn rites and ſad proceſſions,
At ev'ry ſhrine perform'd luſtrations;
And leſt infection ſhould abound,
From prodigy with face ſo round,
All Rome attends him thro' the ſtreet,
In triumph to his country-ſeat:

* Alluding to Plato's famous definition of Man, "*Animal bipes, implumis.*"

With like devotion all the choir
Paraded round our feather'd 'Squire;
In front the martial muſic comes
Of horns and fiddles, fifes and drums,
With jingling ſound of carriage bells,
And treble creak of ruſted wheels;
Behind, the crowd in lengthen'd row,
With grave proceſſion clos'd the ſhow;
And at fit periods ev'ry throat
Combin'd in univerſal ſhout,
And hail'd great Liberty in chorus,
Or bawl'd, Confuſion to the Tories.
Not louder ſtorm the welkin braves,
From clamors of conflicting waves;
Leſs dire in Lybian wilds the noiſe
When rav'ning lions lift their voice;
Or triumphs at town-meetings made,
On paſſing votes to reg'late trade *.
Thus having borne them round the town,
Laſt at the pole they ſet them down,
And tow'rd the tavern take their way,
To end in mirth the feſtal day.
And now the Mob, diſpers'd and gone,
Left 'Squire and Conſtable alone.

* Such votes were frequently paſſed at Town-meetings; the object of which was, to prevent the augmentation of prices on the neceſſaries of life, and thus to obviate the effects of the depreciation of the paper-money. *Edit.*

The

The Conſtable, in rueful caſe,
Lean'd ſad and ſolemn o'er a brace,
And faſt beſide him, cheek by jowl,
Stuck 'Squire M'Fingal 'gainſt the pole,
Glu'd by the tar, t' his rear applied,
Like barnacle on veſſel's ſide:
But tho' his body lack'd phyſician,
His ſpirit was in worſe condition.
He found his fears of whips and ropes,
By many a drachm out-weigh'd his hopes.
As men in gaol without mainprize,
View ev'ry thing with other eyes;
And all goes wrong in church and ſtate,
Seen thro' perſpective of the grate:
So now M'Fingal's ſecond-ſight
Beheld all things in diff'rent light;
His viſual nerve, well purg'd with tar,
Saw all the coming ſcenes of war.
As his prophetic ſoul grew ſtronger,
He found he could hold in no longer;
Firſt from the pole, as fierce he ſhook,
His wig from pitchy durance broke,
His mouth unglu'd, his feathers flutter'd,
His tarr'd ſkirts crack'd, and thus he utter'd:
" Ah, Mr. Conſtable, in vain
We ſtrive 'gainſt wind, and tide, and rain!
Behold my doom! this feather'd omen
Portends what diſmal times are coming.

Now

Now future ſcenes before my eyes,
And ſecond-ſighted forms ariſe;
I hear a voice that calls away,
And cries, the Whigs will win the day;
My beck'ning Genius gives command,
And bids us fly the fatal land;
Where, changing name and conſtitution,
Rebellion turns to Revolution,
While Loyalty, oppreſs'd in tears,
Stands trembling for its neck and ears.
Go, ſummon all our brethren greeting,
To muſter at our uſual meeting.
There my prophetic voice ſhall warn 'em,
Of all things future that concern 'em,
And ſcenes diſcloſe, on which, my friend,
Their conduct and their lives depend:
There I—but firſt 'tis more of uſe,
From this vile pole to ſet me looſe;——
Then go with cautious ſteps and ſteady,
While I ſteer home and make all ready."

END OF CANTO THIRD.

M'FINGAL:

CANTO FOURTH.

The Viſion.

NOW night came down, and roſe full ſoon
That patroneſs of rogues, the Moon;
Beneath whoſe kind, protecting ray,
Wolves, brute and human, prowl for prey.
The honeſt world all ſnored in chorus,
While owls, and ghoſts, and thieves and Tories,
Whom erſt the mid-day ſun had aw'd,
Crept from their lurking holes abroad.
On cautious hinges, ſlow and ſtiller
Wide ope'd the great M'Fingal's * cellar,

* Panditur interea domus omnipotentis Olympi,
Conciliumq; vocat Divum pater atq; hominum rex
Sideream in ſedem. Lib. 10. Æneid.

Where,

Where, ſhut from prying eyes in cluſter,
The Tory Pandemonium muſter.
Their chiefs all ſitting round deſcry'd are,
On kegs of ale, and ſeats of cyder;
When firſt M'Fingal, dimly ſeen,
Roſe ſolemn from the turnip-bin.
Nor yet his * form had wholly loſt
The orig'nal brightneſs it could boaſt,
Nor leſs appear'd than Juſtice Quorum,
In feather'd majeſty before 'em.
Adown his tar-ſtreak'd viſage, clear
Fell gliſt'ning faſt th' indignant tear,
And thus his voice, in mournful wiſe,
Purſu'd the prologue of his ſighs:
" Brethren and friends, the glorious band
Of loyalty in rebel land!
It was not thus you've ſeen me ſitting
Return'd in triumph from town-meeting,
When bluſt'ring Whigs were put to ſtand,
And votes obey'd my guiding hand,
And new commiſſions pleas'd my eyes;
Bleſt days, but, ah, no more to riſe!
Alas! againſt my better light
And optics ſure of ſecond-ſight,
My ſtubborn ſoul, in error ſtrong,
Had faith in Hutchinſon too long.

* —— His form had not yet loſt
All its original brightneſs, nor appear'd
Leſs than Archangel ruin'd. *Milton.*

See what brave trophies ſtill we bring
From all our battles for the king;
And yet theſe plagues, now paſt before us,
Are but our entring-wedge of ſorrows.
I ſee, in glooms tempeſtuous, ſtand
The cloud impending o'er the land;
That cloud, which ſtill beyond their hopes
Serves all our orators with tropes,
Which tho' from our own vapors fed,
Shall point its thunders on our head!
I ſee the Mob, beſlipp'd in taverns,
Hunt us, like wolves, thro' wilds and caverns!
What dungeons riſe t' alarm our fears!
What horſe-whips whiſtle round our ears!
Tar, yet in embryo in the pine,
Shall run, on Tories backs to ſhine;
Trees rooted fair in groves of fallows
Are growing for our future gallows;
And geeſe unhatch'd, when pluck'd in fray,
Shall rue the feath'ring of that day.
For me, before theſe fatal days,
I mean to fly th' accurſed place,
And follow omens, which of late
Have warn'd me of impending fate;
Yet paſs'd unnotic'd o'er my view,
Till ſad conviction prov'd them true;
As prophecies of beſt intent,
Are only heeded in th' event.

For late in viſions of the night
The gallows ſtood before my ſight;
I ſaw its ladder heav'd on end;
I ſaw the deadly rope deſcend;
And in its nooſe, that wav'ring ſwang,
Friend * Malcolm hung, or ſeem'd to hang.
How changed from him, who, bold as lion,
Stood Aid-de-Camp to Governor Tryon,
Made rebels vaniſh once, like witches,
And ſav'd his life, but dropp'd his breeches.
I ſcarce had made a fearful bow,
And trembling aſk'd him, "How d'ye do?"
When lifting up his eyes ſo wide,
His eyes alone, his hands were tied;
With feeble voice, as ſpirits uſe,
Now almoſt choak'd with gripe of nooſe;

* Malcolm was a Scotchman, Aid to Governor Tryon in his expedition againſt the Regulators in North-Carolina, where, in the engagement, he met with the accident of the breeches here alluded to. He was afterwards an under-officer of the cuſtoms in Boſton, where becoming obnoxious, he was tarred, feathered, and half-hanged by the mob, about the year 1774. After this he was neglected and avoided by his own party, and thinking his merits and ſufferings unrewarded, appeared equally malevolent againſt Whigs and Tories.

The pretences of the Highlanders to prophecy by ſecond-ſight, are too well known to need an explanation.

"Ah

" Ah, * fly, my friend! he cri'd; eſcape!
And keep yourſelf from this ſad ſcrape;
Enough you've talk'd, and writ, and plann'd;
The Whigs have got the upper hand.
Dame Fortune's wheel has turn'd ſo ſhort,
It plung'd us fairly in the dirt;
Could mortal arm our fears have ended,
This arm (and ſhook it) had defended.
But longer now 'tis vain to ſtay;
See ev'n the Reg'lars run away:
Wait not till things grow deſperater,
For hanging is no laughing matter:
This might your grandſires' fortunes tell you on,
Who both were hang'd the laſt rebellion;
Adventure then no longer ſtay,
But call your friends and run away.
For lo, thro' deepeſt glooms of night
I come to aid thy ſecond-ſight,
Diſcloſe the plagues that round us wait
And wake the dark decrees of Fate;
Aſcend this ladder, whence unfurl'd
The curtain opes of t' other world,
For here new worlds their ſcenes unfold,
Seen from this back-door of the old †.

As

* There is in this ſcene, a general alluſion to the appearance and ſpeech of Hector's ghoſt, in the ſecond book of the Æneid.

† That the gallows is the *back-door* leading from this to the

As when Æneas riſqu'd his life,
Like Orpheus vent'ring for his wife,
And bore in ſhow his mortal carcaſe,
Thro' realms of Erebus and Orcus,
Then in the happy fields Elyſian,
Saw all his embryon ſons in viſion:
As, ſhown by great archangel, Michael,
Old Adam ſaw the world's whole ſequel,
And from the mount's extended ſpace,
The riſing fortunes of his race;
So from this ſtage ſhalt thou behold,
The war its coming ſcenes unfold,
Rais'd by my arm to meet thine eye;
My Adam, thou, thine Angel, I.
But firſt my pow'r for viſions * bright,
Muſt cleanſe from clouds thy mental ſight,
Remove the dim ſuffuſions ſpread,
Which bribes and ſal'ries there have bred;
And, from the well of Bute, infuſe
Three genuine drops of Highland dews,
To purge, like euphraſy and rue,
Thine eyes, for much thou haſt to view.
" Now, freed from Tory darkneſs, raiſe
Thy head, and ſpy the coming days;

other world, is a perfectly new idea in Epic Poetry; unleſs the hint might have been taken from the rear-trumpet of Fame in our Hudibras. *Edit.*

* See Milton's Paradiſe Loſt, Book 11.

For

For lo, before our ſecond-ſight,
The Continent aſcends in light;
From north to ſouth, what gath'ring ſwarms,
Increaſe the pride of rebel arms!
Thro' ev'ry State our legions brave,
Speed gallant marches to the grave,
Of battling Whigs the frequent prize,
While rebel trophies ſtain the ſkies.
Behold, o'er northern realms afar *,
Extend the kindling flames of war!

* Nothing leſs than the whole Hiſtory of the American War would be ſufficient, completely to illuſtrate the merits of this ſingle paragraph. Malcolm, the gallows-taught prophet, in preparing the mind of M'Fingal to contemplate, with proper intelligence, the various ſcenes that are to riſe ſucceſſively to view in the courſe of the Viſion, glances over the Continent, and mentions in this paſſage the principal ſcenes of action, from the expedition into Canada in 1775, to the capture of Lord Cornwallis in 1781. The concluding part of his ſpeech is therefore a kind of *argument* to this whole book of Viſion; in which the ſame objects are unfolded at large with their attendant circumſtances; in order that they may make a proper impreſſion on the elevated mind of the great M'Fingal. It is thus that our Poet, like Homer, his illuſtrious predeceſſor, ſeizes all occaſions to do honour to his principal hero. By ſuppoſing him already poſſeſſed of all natural and political knowledge that could be obtained by mortal ſtudy and experience, he makes him, like Achilles, capable of receiving inſtruction only by the agency of a ſuper-terreſtial power. The adviſers of Achilles deſcended from the ſkies, that of M'Fingal is mounted towards the ſkies. *Edit.*

See

See fam'd St. John's and Montreal,
Doom'd by Montgom'ry's arm to fall!
Where Hudſon with majeſtic ſway,
Thro' hills diſparted plows his way;
Fate ſpreads on Bemus' Heights alarms,
And pours deſtruction on our arms;
There Bennington's enſanguin'd plain,
And Stony-Point, the prize of Wayne.
Behold near Del'ware's icy roar,
Where morning dawns on Trenton's ſhore,
While Heſſians ſpread their Chriſtmas feaſts,
Ruſh rude theſe uninvited gueſts;
Nor aught avail, to Whigs a prize,
Their martial whiſkers' grifly ſize.
On Princeton plains our heroes yield,
And ſpread in flight the vanquiſh'd field.
While fear to Mawhood's heels puts on
Wings, wide as worn by Maia's ſon.
Behold the Pennſylvanian ſhore,
Enrich'd with ſtreams of Britiſh gore;
Where many a vet'ran chief in bed
Of honour reſts his ſlumb'ring head,
And in ſoft vales in land of foes,
Their wearied virtue finds repoſe.
See plund'ring Dunmore's negro band
Fly headlong from Virginia's ſtrand;
And far on ſouthern hills, our couſins,
The Scotch M'Donalds, fall by dozens;

Or

Or where King's Mountain lifts its head,
Our ruin'd bands in triumph led!
Behold o'er Tarleton's bluſtring train,
The Rebels ſtretch the captive chain!
Afar near Eutaw's fatal ſprings
Deſcending Vict'ry ſpreads her wings!
Thro' all the land in various chace,
We hunt the rainbow of ſucceſs;
In vain! their Chief, ſuperior ſtill,
Eludes our force with Fabian ſkill;
Or ſwift deſcending by ſurprize,
Like Pruſſia's eagle ſweeps the prize."
" I look'd, nor yet, oppreſt with fears,
Gave credit to my eyes or ears,
But held the views an empty dream,
On Berkely's immaterial ſcheme;
And pond'ring ſad with troubled breaſt
At length my riſing doubts expreſs'd.
" Ah, whither, thus by rebels ſmitten,
Is fled th' omnipotence of Britain,
Or fail'd its uſual guard to keep,
Gone traunting or fall'n aſleep *;

* " Cry aloud: for he is god; either he is talking, or he is purſuing, or he is in a journey, or paradventure he ſleepeth. —And they cried aloud, and cut themſelves after their manner with knives and lancets." 1 *Kings*, chap. xviii. The other original ſubjects alluded to in the ſubſequent part of this ſpeech, may be found by the curious reader in the various and immortal works mentioned by the poet in the text. *Edit.*

As

As Baal his prophets left confounded,
And bawling vot'ries gaſh'd and wounded?
Did not, retir'd to bow'rs Elyſian,
Great Mars leave with her his commiſſion,
And Neptune erſt, in treaty free,
Give up dominion o'er the ſea?
Elſe where's the faith of fam'd orations,
Addreſs, debate, and proclamations,
Or courtly ſermon, laureat ode,
And ballads on the wat'ry God;
With whoſe high ſtrains great George enriches
His eloquence of gracious ſpeeches?
Not faithful to our Highland eyes,
Theſe deadly forms of viſion riſe;
But ſure ſome Whig-inſpiring ſprite
Now palms deluſion on our ſight.
I'd ſcarcely truſt a tale ſo vain,
Should revelation prompt the ſtrain,
Or Oſſian's ghoſt the ſcenes rehearſe,
In all the melody of * Erſe."
" Too long, quoth Malcolm, with confuſion,
You've dwelt already in deluſion,
As Sceptics, of all fools the chief,
Hold faith in creeds of unbelief.
I come to draw thy veil aſide
Of error, prejudice, and pride.

* Erſe, the ancient Scottiſh language, in which Oſſian wrote his poems.

Fools love deception, but the wiſe
Prefer ſad truths to pleaſing lies.
For know, thoſe hopes can ne'er ſucceed
That truſt on Britain's breaking reed.
For weak'ning long from bad to worſe,
By fatal atrophy of purſe,
She feels at length with trembling heart,
Her foes have found her mortal part.
As fam'd Achilles, dipt by Thetis
In Styx, as ſung in antient ditties,
Grew all caſe-harden'd o'er like ſteel,
Invulnerable, ſave his heel,
And laugh'd at ſwords and ſpears, as ſquibs,
And all diſeaſes, but the kibes;
Yet met at laſt his fatal wound,
By Paris' arrow nail'd to th' ground:
So Britain's boaſted ſtrength deſerts,
In theſe her empire's utmoſt ſkirts,
Remov'd beyond her fierce impreſſions,
And atmoſphere of omnipreſence;
Nor to theſe ſhores remoter ends,
Her dwarf omnipotence extends:
Whence in this turn of things ſo ſtrange,
'Tis time our principles to change.
For vain that boaſted faith, which gathers
No perquiſite, but tar and feathers,
No pay, but Whig's inſulting malice,
And no promotion, but the gallows.

I've long enough ſtood firm and ſteady,
Half-hang'd for loyalty already:
And could I ſave my neck and pelf,
I'd turn a flaming Whig myſelf,
And quit this cauſe, and courſe, and calling,
Like rats that fly from houſe that's falling.
But ſince, obnoxious here to Fate,
This ſaving wiſdom comes too late,
Our nobleſt hopes already croſt,
Our fal'ries gone, our titles loſt,
Doom'd to worſe ſuff'rings from the mob,
Than Satan's ſurg'ries uſed on Job;
What more remains but now with fleight,
What's left of us to ſave by flight?
"Now raiſe thine eyes; for viſions true
Again aſcending wait thy view."
I look'd; and clad in early light,
The ſpires of Boſton roſe to ſight;
The morn o'er eaſtern hills afar,
Illum'd the varying ſcenes of war.
Great Howe had long ſince in the lap
Of Loring taken out his nap,
And with the ſun's aſcending ray,
The cuckold came to take his pay.
When all th' encircling hills around,
With inſtantaneous breaſt-works crown'd,
With pointed thunders met his ſight,
By magic rear'd the former night.

Each

Each ſummit, far as eye commands,
Shone peopled with rebellious bands.
Aloft their tow'ring heroes riſe,
As Titans erſt aſſail'd the ſkies,
Leagu'd with ſuperior force to prove,
The ſcepter'd hand of Britiſh Jove.
Mounds, pil'd on hills, aſcended fair
With batt'ries plac'd in middle air,
That, rais'd like angry clouds on high,
Seem'd like th' artill'ry of the ſky,
And hurl'd their fiery bolts amain,
In thunder on the trembling plain.
I ſaw along the proſtrate ſtrand,
Our baffl'd Gen'rals quit the land,
And, ſwift as frighted mermaids, flee,
T' our boaſted element, the ſea!
Reſign that long conteſted ſhore,
Again the prize of rebel-power,
And tow'rd their town of refuge fly,
Like convict Jews, condemn'd to die.
Then tow'rd the north, I turn'd my eyes,
Where Saratoga's heights ariſe,
And ſaw our choſen vet'ran band,
Deſcend in terror o'er the land;
T' oppoſe this fury of alarms,
Saw all New-England wake to arms,
And ev'ry Yanky, full of mettle,
Swarm forth, like bees at ſound of kettle.

Not Rome, when Tarquin rap'd Lucretia,
Saw wilder muſt'ring of militia.
Thro' all the woods and plains of fight,
What mortal battles fill'd my ſight,
While Britiſh corſes ſtrew'd the ſhore,
And Hudſon ting'd his ſtreams with gore!
What tongue can tell the diſmal day,
Or paint the party-colour'd fray;
When yeomen left their fields afar,
To plow the crimſon plains of war;
When zeal to ſwords transform'd their ſhares,
And turn'd their pruning-hooks to ſpears,
Chang'd tailor's geeſe to guns and ball,
And ſtretch'd to pikes the cobler's awl;
While hunters fierce, like mighty Nimrod,
Made on our troops a daring inroad;
And lev'lling ſquint on barrel round,
Brought our beau-officers to ground;
While rifle-frocks ſent Gen'rals cap'ring,
And redcoats ſhrunk from leathern apron,
And epaulette and gorget run
From whinyard brown and ruſty gun:
While ſun-burnt wigs in high command,
Ruſh furious on our frighted band,
And ancient beards and hoary hair,
Like meteors ſtream in troubled air.
With locks unſhorne not Samſon more
Made uſeleſs all the ſhow of war,

Nor

Nor fought with aſſes jaw for rarity,
With more ſucceſs or ſingularity.
I ſaw our vet'ran thouſands yield
And pile their muſkets on the field,
And peaſant guards, in rueful plight,
March off our captur'd bands from fight;
While ev'ry rebel-fife in play,
To Yanky-doodle tun'd its lay,
And like the muſic of the ſpheres,
Mellifluous ſooth'd their vanquiſh'd ears.
" Alas, ſaid I, what baleful ſtar,
Sheds fatal influence on the war,
And who that choſen Chief of fame,
That heads this grand parade of ſhame?"
" There ſee how Fate, great Malcolm cried,
Strikes with its bolts the tow'rs of pride.
Behold that martial Macaroni,
Compound of Phœbus and Bellona,
With warlike ſword and ſing-ſong lay,
Equipp'd alike for feaſt or fray,
Where equal wit and valour join;
This, this is he, the fam'd Burgoyne:
Who pawn'd his honour and commiſſion,
To coax the Patriots to ſubmiſſion,
By ſongs and balls ſecure obedience,
And dance the ladies to allegiance.
Oft his camp muſes he'll parade,
At Boſton in the grand blockade,

And

And well invok'd with punch of arrack,
Hold converſe ſweet in tent or barrack,
Inſpir'd in more heroic faſhion,
Both by his theme and ſituation;
While Farce and Proclamation grand,
Riſe fair beneath his plaſtic hand.
For genius ſwells more ſtrong and clear
When cloſe confin'd, like bottl'd beer:
So Prior's wit gain'd greater pow'r,
By inſpiration of the tow'r;
And Raleigh, faſt in priſon hurl'd,
Wrote all the Hiſt'ry of the World:
So Wilkes grew, while in goal he lay,
More patriotic ev'ry day,
But found his zeal, when not confin'd,
Soon ſink below the freezing point,
And public ſpirit, once ſo fair,
Evaporate in open air.
But thou, great favorite of Venus,
By no ſuch luck ſhalt cramp thy genius;
Thy friendly ſtars till wars ſhall ceaſe,
Shall ward th' ill fortune of releaſe,
And hold thee faſt in bonds not feeble,
In good condition ſtill to ſcribble.
Such merit Fate ſhall ſhield from firing,
Bomb, carcaſe, langridge, and cold iron,
Nor truſts thy doubly laurell'd head,
To rude aſſaults of flying lead.

Hence

Hence in this Saratogue retreat,
For pure good fortune thou'lt be beat;
Not taken oft, releas'd or refcu'd,
Paſs for ſmall change, like ſimple Preſcott *;
But captur'd there, as Fates befall,
Shall ſtand thy hand for't, once for all.
Then raiſe thy daring thoughts ſublime,
And dip thy conqu'ring pen in rhyme,
And changing war for puns and jokes,
Write new Blockades and Maids of Oaks †."
This ſaid, he turn'd, and ſaw the tale
Had dy'd my trembling cheeks with pale;

* General Preſcott was taken and exchanged ſeveral times during the war. *Edit.*

† The Maid of the Oaks and the Blockade of Boſton, are farces—the firſt acknowledged by General Burgoyne, the other generally aſcribed to him.

The Editors cannot avoid congratulating the public on the great advantage rendered to this, his mother-country, by that rebel General Gates. By ſending us the illuſtrious Burgoyne under ſuch a capitulation, as to confine him here *in good condition ſtill to ſcribble*, during the remainder of the war, he procured to the theatre of our capital, an amuſement which leaves us no occaſion to envy the happineſs of the Boſtonians during the ſiege; as the *Heireſs* is thought by the beſt critics to be at leaſt equal to the *Maid of Oaks*. This is an additional proof of the prophetic ſpirit of Malcolm, who clearly foreſaw that ſuch a work would be the produce of this timely capture. *Edit.*

Then

Then, pitying, in a milder vein
Purſu'd the viſionary ſtrain.
" Too much, perhaps, hath pain'd your views
Of vict'ries gain'd by rebel crews;
Now ſee the deeds, not ſmall nor ſcanty,
Of Britiſh Valour and Human'ty;
And learn from this auſpicious ſight,
How England's ſons and friends can fight,
In what dread ſcenes their courage grows,
And how they conquer all their foes."
I look'd and ſaw in wintry ſkies
Our ſpacious priſon-walls ariſe,
Where Britons all their captives taming,
Plied them with ſcourging, cold, and famine;
Reduc'd to life's concluding ſtages,
By noxious food and plagues contagious.
Aloft the mighty * Loring ſtood,
And thriv'd, like † Vampyre, on their blood;
And

* Loring was a Refugee from Boſton, made commiſſary of priſoners by General Howe. The conſummate cruelties practiſed on the American priſoners under Loring's adminiſtration almoſt exceed the ordinary powers of human invention. If a ſimple ſtatement of facts relative to this buſineſs were properly drawn up and authenticated, it would furniſh the friends of humanity with new images of horror in contemplating the ravages of war; eſpecially a war that obtains the name of Rebellion, and is carried on at a diſtance from the eye of the nation. The conduct of the Turks in putting all priſoners to

And counting all his gains ariſing,
Dealt daily rations out of poiſon.
Amid the dead that croud the ſcene,
The moving ſkeletons were ſeen.
At hand our troops in vaunting ſtrains,
Inſulted all their wants and pains,
And turn'd on all the dying tribe,
The bitter taunt and ſcornful gibe:
And Britiſh officers of might,
Triumphant at the joyful ſight,
O'er foes diſarm'd with courage daring,
Exhauſted all their tropes of ſwearing.
Around all ſtain'd with rebel blood,
Like Milton's lazar-houſe it ſtood,
Where grim Deſpair attended nurſe,
And Death was Gov'rnor of the houſe.
Amaz'd, I cried, "Is this the way,
That Britiſh Valour wins the day?"

death is certainly much more rational and humane, than that of the Britiſh army for the three firſt years of the American war, or till after the capture of Burgoyne. We except from this general obſervation, the conduct of Lord Dorceſter in Canada; he acted on the common principles of war, as now practiſed in Europe. *Edit.*

† The notion of Vampyres is a ſuperſtition, that has greatly prevailed in many parts of Europe. They pretend it is a dead body, which riſes out of its grave in the night, and ſucks the blood of the living.

More had I ſaid, in ſtrains unwelcome,
Till interrupted thus by Malcolm:
" Blame not, quoth he, but learn the reaſon
Of this new mode of conqu'ring treaſon.
'Tis but a wiſe, politic plan,
To root out all the rebel-clan;
(For ſurely treaſon ne'er can thrive,
Where not a ſoul is left alive:)
A ſcheme, all other chiefs to ſurpaſs,
And do th' effectual work to purpoſe.
For war itſelf is nothing further,
But th' art and myſtery of murther,
And who moſt methods has eſſay'd,
Is the beſt Gen'ral of the trade,
And ſtands Death's Plenipotentiary,
To conquer, poiſon, ſtarve, and bury.
This Howe well knew, and thus began,
(Deſpiſing Carleton's coaxing plan,
Who kept his pris'ners well and merry,
And dealt them food like Commiſſary,
And by paroles and ranſoms vain,
Diſmiſs'd them all to fight again:)
Whence his firſt captives, with great ſpirit,
He tied up for his troops to fire * at,

* This was done openly and without cenſure by the troops under Howe's command in many inſtances, on his firſt conqueſt of Long-Iſland.

And

And hop'd they'd learn, on foes thus taken,
To aim at rebels without ſhaking.
Then, wiſe in ſtratagem, he plann'd
The ſure deſtruction of the land,
Turn'd famine, ſickneſs, and deſpair,
To uſeful enginry of war,
Inſtead of cannon, muſket, mortar,
Us'd peſtilence, and death, and torture,
Sent forth the ſmall-pox, and the greater,
To thin the land of ev'ry traitor,
And order'd out with like endeavour,
Detachments of the priſon-fever;
Spread deſolation o'er their head,
And plagues in Providence's ſtead,
Perform'd with equal ſkill and beauty,
Th' avenging angel's tour of duty,
Brought all the elements to join,
And ſtars t' aſſiſt the great deſign;
As once in league with Kiſhon's brook,
Fam'd Iſrael's foes they fought and took.
Then proud to raiſe a glorious name,
And em'lous of his country's fame,
He bade theſe priſon-walls ariſe,
Like temple tow'ring to the ſkies,
Where Britiſh Clemency renown'd,
Might fix her ſeat on ſacred ground;
(That Virtue, as each herald ſaith,
Of whole blood kin to Punic Faith;)

Where all her God-like pow'rs unveiling,
She finds a grateful ſhrine to dwell in.
Then, at this altar for her honour,
Choſe this High-prieſt to wait upon her,
Who with juſt rites, in ancient guiſes,
Preſents theſe human ſacrifices;
Great Loring, fam'd above all laymen,
A proper Prieſt for Lybian Ammon,
Who, while Howe's gift his brows adorns,
Had match'd that deity in horns.
Here ev'ry day her vot'ries tell
She more devours than th' idol Bel;
And thirſts more rav'nouſly for gore,
Than any worſhipp'd Power before.
That ancient Heathen Godhead, Moloch,
Oft ſtay'd his ſtomach with a bullock,
Or if his morning rage you'd check firſt,
One child ſuffic'd him for a breakfaſt.
But Britiſh Clemency, with zeal,
Devours her hundreds at a meal;
Right well by Nat'raliſts defined,
A Being of carniv'rous kind:
So erſt * Gargantua pleas'd his palate,
And eat his pilgrims up for ſallad.
Not bleſt with maw leſs ceremonious,
The wide-mouth'd whale that ſwallow'd Jonas;

* See Rabelais's Hiſtory of the Giant Gargantua.

Like

Like earthquake gapes, to death devote,
That open ſepulchre, her throat;
The grave, or barren womb you'd ſtuff,
And ſooner bring to cry, enough;
Or fatten up to fair condition,
The lean-fleſh'd kine of Pharaoh's viſion.
" Behold her temple where it ſtands
Erect by fam'd Britannic hands;
'Tis the Black-hole of Indian ſtructure,
New-built with Engliſh architecture,
On plan, 'tis ſaid, contriv'd and wrote,
By Clive, before he cut his throat;
Who ere he took himſelf in hand,
Was her High-prieſt in Nabob-land:
And when with conqu'ring glory crown'd,
He'd well enſlav'd the nation round,
With pitying heart the gen'rous chief,
(Since ſlav'ry's worſe than loſs of life,)
Bade deſolation circle far,
And famine end the work of war;
Thus loos'd their chains, and for their merits,
Diſmiſs them free to worlds of ſpirits;
Whence they with gratitude and praiſe,
Return'd * t' attend his latter days,

* Clive in the latter years of his life conceived himſelf perpetually haunted by the ghoſts of thoſe, who were the victims of his Britiſh humanity in the Eaſt-Indies.

And

And hov'ring round his reſtleſs bed,
Spread nightly viſions o'er his head.
" Now turn, he cried, to nobler fights,
And mark the proweſs of our fights:
Behold, like whelps of Britiſh Lion,
The warriors, Clinton, Vaughan, and Tryon,
March forth with patriotic joy,
To raviſh, plunder, burn, deſtroy.
Great Gen'rals, foremoſt in the nation,
The journeymen of Deſolation!
Like Samſon's foxes each aſſails,
Let looſe with firebrands in their tails,
And ſpreads deſtruction more forlorn,
Than they did in Philiſtine corn.
And ſee in flames their triumphs riſe,
Illuming all the nether ſkies,
And ſtreaming, like a new Aurora,
The weſtern hemiſphere with glory!
What towns, in aſhes laid, confeſs
Theſe heroes' proweſs and ſucceſs!
What blacken'd walls, or burning fane,
For trophies ſpread the ruin'd plain!
What females, caught in evil hour,
By force ſubmit to Britiſh power,
Or plunder'd Negroes in diſaſter
Confeſs King George their lord and maſter!
What crimſon corſes ſtrew their way
Till ſmoaking carnage dims the day!

Along

Along the ſhore, for ſure reduction,
They wield their beſom of deſtruction.
Great Homer likens, in his Ilias,
To dog-ſtar bright the fierce Achilles;
But ne'er beheld in red proceſſion,
Three dog-ſtars riſe in conſtellation;
Or ſaw in glooms of ev'ning miſty,
Such ſigns of fiery triplicity,
Which far beyond the comet's tail,
Portend deſtruction where they fail.
Oh! had Great-Britain's god-like ſhore,
Produc'd but ten ſuch heroes more,
They'd ſpar'd the pains, and held the
Of this world's final conflagration,
Which, when its time comes, at a ſtand,
Would find its work all done t' its hand!
" Yet tho' gay hopes our eyes may bleſs;
Indignant fate forbids ſucceſs;
Like morning dreams our conqueſt flies,
Diſpers'd before the dawn ariſe."
Here Malcolm paus'd; when, pond'ring long,
Grief thus gave utt'rance to my tongue.
" Where ſhrink in fear our friends diſmay'd,
And all the Tories' promis'd aid?
Can none amid theſe fierce alarms
Aſſiſt the pow'r of royal arms?"
" In vain, he cried, our king depends,
On promis'd aid of Tory-friends,

When our own efforts want ſucceſs,
Friends ever fail as fears increaſe.
As leaves, in blooming verdure wove,
In warmth of ſummer cloath the grove,
But when autumnal froſts ariſe,
Leave bare their trunks to wintry ſkies;
So while your pow'r can aid their ends,
You ne'er can need ten thouſand friends,
But, once in want by foes diſmay'd,
May advertiſe them ſtol'n or ſtray'd.
Thus, ere Great-Britain's ſtrength grew ſlack,
She gain'd that aid, ſhe did not lack,
But now in dread, imploring pity,
All hear unmov'd her dol'rous ditty;
Allegiance wand'ring turns aſtray,
And faith grows dim for lack of pay.
In vain ſhe tries by new inventions,
Fear, falſhood, flatt'ry, threats, and penſions,
Or ſends Commiſs'ners with credentials *
Of promiſes and penitentials.

As

* The paſſage that here follows is to be explained thus: In the year 1778, after the war had been raging three years, and we had heard of the capture of Burgoyne's army, our good government concluded to give up all the objects for which the conteſt had been begun. It accordingly paſſed an act repealing all the acts of which the Americans complained, provided they would reſcind their declaration of Independence, and continue to be our colonies. The Miniſtry then ſent over three

As, for his fare o'er Styx of old,
The Trojan ſtole the bough of gold,
And, leſt grim Cerb'rus ſhould make head,
Stuff'd both his fobs with * gingerbread;
Behold at Britain's utmoſt ſhifts,
Comes Johnſtone, loaded with like gifts,
To venture thro' the Whiggiſh tribe,
To cuddle, wheedle, coax, and bribe,
Enter their lands, and on his journey,
Poſſeſſion take, as King's Attorney,
Buy all the vaſſals to protect him,
And bribe the tenants not t' eject him;
And call, to aid his deſp'rate miſſion,
His petticoated politician,
While Venus, join'd t' aſſiſt the farce,
Strolls forth ambaſſador for Mars.

three Commiſſioners, Mr. Johnſtone, Mr. Eden, and a certain Lord, whoſe name the Editors have forgot. Theſe commiſſioners (whether in imitation of Eneas, as the Poet ſuppoſes, or whether in purſuance of the great ſyſtem of Sir Robert Walpole, as a politician would ſuppoſe, we cannot tell; the conjectures of every one are apt to run in the channel of his own trade,) began their operations, and finiſhed them, by attempting to bribe individuals among the members of the States, and of the army. This bait appears to have caught nobody but Arnold. The *petticoated politician*, here mentioned, is a woman of Philadelphia, through whoſe agency they are ſaid to have offered a bribe to Joſeph Read, Governor of Pennſylvania. *Edit.*

* ——— Medicatam frugibus offam. Æneid. lib. vi. 410.

In vain he ſtrives, (for while he lingers,
Theſe maſtiffs bite his off'ring fingers,)
Nor buys for George and realms infernal,
One ſpaniel, but the mongrel Arnold.
'Twere vain to paint in viſion'd ſhow,
The mighty nothings done by Howe;
What towns he takes in mortal fray,
As ſtations, whence to run away;
What conqueſts gain'd in battles warm,
To us no aid, to them no harm;
For ſtill th' event alike is fatal,
Whate'er ſucceſs attend the battle,
If he gain victory, or loſe it,
Who ne'er had ſkill enough to uſe it;
And better 'twere, at their expence,
T' have drubb'd him into common ſenſe,
And wak'd by baſtings on his rear,
Th' activity, tho' but of fear.
By ſlow advance his arms prevail,
Like emblematic march of ſnail;
That, be Millennium nigh or far,
'Twould long before him end the war.
From York to Philadelphian ground,
He ſweeps the mighty flouriſh round,
Wheel'd circ'lar by excentric ſtars,
Like racing boys at Priſon-bars *,

Who

* *Priſon-bars* is a kind of juvenile conteſt ſufficiently deſcribed here. How far our author is juſtifiable in comparing

to

Who take the adverſe crew in whole,
By running round the opp'ſite goal;
Works wide the traverſe of his courſe,
Like ſhip in ſtorms' oppoſing force,
Like mill-horſe, circling in his race,
Advances not a ſingle pace,
And leaves no trophies of reduction,
Save that of canker-worms, deſtruction.
Thus, having long both countries curſt,
He quits them, as he found them firſt,
Steers home diſgrac'd, of little worth,
To join Burgoyne, and rail at North.
"Now raiſe thine eyes, and view with pleaſure,
The triumphs of his fam'd ſucceſſor."
I look'd, and now by magic lore,
Faint roſe to view the Jerſey ſhore;
But dimly ſeen, in glooms array'd,
For Night had pour'd her ſable ſhade,
And ev'ry ſtar, with glimm'rings pale,
Was muffled deep in ev'ning veil:
Scarce viſible in duſky night,
Advancing Red-coats * roſe to fight;

to it the operations of General Howe in America, we leave to be determined by thoſe military men who know the hiſtory of his manœuvres. *Edit.*

* *Red-coats*, a term for Britiſh-troops. *Edit.*

The lengthen'd train, in gleaming rows,
Stole ſilent from their ſlumb'ring foes,
Slow mov'd the baggage, and the train,
Like ſnails, crept noiſeleſs o'er the plain;
No trembling ſoldier dar'd to ſpeak,
And not a wheel preſum'd to creak.
My looks my new ſurprize confeſs'd,
Till by great Malcolm thus addreſs'd:
" Spend not thy wits in vain reſearches;
'Tis one of Clinton's moon-light marches.
From Philadelphia now retreating,
To ſave his anxious troops a beating,
With haſty ſtride he flies in vain,
His rear attack'd on Monmouth plain:
With various chance the mortal fray
Is lengthen'd to the cloſe of day,
When his tir'd bands, o'ermatch'd in fight,
Are reſcu'd by deſcending night;
He forms his camp with vain parade,
Till ev'ning ſpreads the world with ſhade,
Then ſtill, like ſome endanger'd ſpark,
Steals off on tiptoe in the dark;
Yet writes his king, in boaſting tone,
How grand he march'd by light of moon *.

I ſee

* The circumſtance of Gen. Clinton's official diſpatches, giving an account of his marching from Monmouth by moon-light, furniſhed a ſubject of ſome pleaſantry in America; where

I ſee him, but thou can'ſt not; proud
He leads in front the trembling crowd,
And wiſely knows, if danger's near,
'Twill fall the heavieſt on his rear.
Go on, great Gen'ral, nor regard
The ſcoffs of ev'ry ſcribbling Bard,
Who ſing how Gods that fatal night
Aided by miracles your flight,
As once they us'd, in Homer's day,
To help weak heroes run away;
Tell how the hours at awful trial,
Went back, as erſt on Ahaz' dial,
While Britiſh Joſhua ſtay'd the moon,
On Monmouth plains, for Ajalon:
Heed not their ſneers and gibes ſo arch,
Becauſe ſhe ſet before your march.
A ſmall miſtake, your meaning right,
You take her influence for her light;
Her influence, which ſhall be your guide,
And o'er your Gen'ralſhip preſide.
Hence ſtill ſhall teem your empty ſkull,
With vict'ries when the moon's at full,
Which by tranſition yet more ſtrange,
Wane to defeats before the change;
Hence all your movements, all your notions,
Shall ſteer by like excentric motions,

where it was known that the moon had ſet two hours before the march began. *Edit.*

Eclips'd

Eclips'd in many a fatal criſis,
And dimm'd when Waſhington ariſes.
And ſee how Fate, herſelf turn'd traitor,
Inverts the ancient courſe of nature,
And changes manners, tempers, climes,
To ſuit the genius of the times.
See Bourbon forms his gen'rous plan,
Firſt guardian of the rights of man,
And prompt in firm alliance joins,
To aid the Rebels proud deſigns.
Behold from realms of eaſtern day,
His fails innum'rous ſhape their way,
In warlike line the billows ſweep,
And roll the thunders of the deep.
See, low in equinoctial ſkies,
The Weſtern Iſlands fall their prize.
See Britiſh flags, o'ermatch'd in might,
Put all their faith in inſtant flight,
Or broken ſquadrons from th' affray,
Drag ſlow their wounded hulks away.
Behold his chiefs in daring ſets,
D'Eſtaings, De Graſſes, and Fayettes,
Spread thro' our camps their dread alarms,
And ſwell the fears of rebel-arms.
Yet, ere our empire ſink in night,
One gleam of hope ſhall ſtrike the ſight;
As lamps that fail of oil and fire,
Collect one glimm'ring to expire.

And

And lo where ſouthern ſhores extend,
Behold our union'd hoſts deſcend,
Where Charleſtown views, with varying beams,
Her turrets gild th' encircling ſtreams.
There by ſuperior might compell'd,
Behold their gallant Lincoln yield *,
Nor aught the wreaths avail him now,
Pluck'd from Burgoyne's imperious brow.
See, furious from the vanquiſh'd ſtrand,
Cornwallis leads his mighty band!
The ſouthern realms and Georgian ſhore
Submit, and own the victor's pow'r.
Lo, ſunk before his waſting way,
The Carolinas fall his prey!
In vain embattl'd hoſts of foes
Eſſay in warring ſtrife t' oppoſe.
See, ſhrinking from his conqu'ring eye,
The rebel legions fall or fly;
And, with'ring in theſe torrid ſkies,
The northern laurel fades and dies †.

* General Lincoln was ſecond in command in the army of General Gates, during the campaign of 1777, which ended in the capture of General Burgoyne. He is an officer of great reputation. He afterwards commanded the army in South-Carolina, and was taken priſoner with the garriſon of Charleſtown in 1780. *Edit.*

† This refers to the fortune of General Gates, who after having conquered General Burgoyne in the North, was defeated by Lord Cornwallis in the South. *Edit.*

With rapid force he leads his band
To fair Virginia's fated ſtrand,
Triumphant eyes the travell'd zone,
And boaſts the ſouthern realms his own.
Nor yet this hero's glories bright
Blaze only in the fields of fight;
Not Howe's human'ty more deſerving,
In gifts of hanging, and of ſtarving;
Not Arnold plunders more tobacco,
Or ſteals more Negroes for Jamaica *;
Scarce Rodney's ſelf, among th' Euſtatians,
Inſults ſo well the laws of nations;
Ev'n Tryon's fame grows dim, and mourning,
He yields the laurel crown of burning.
I ſee with rapture and ſurprize,
New triumphs ſparkling in thine eyes;
But view, where now renew'd in might,
Again the rebels dare the fight."
I look'd, and far in ſouthern ſkies,
Saw Greene, their ſecond hope, ariſe,
And with his ſmall but gallant band,
Invade the Carolinian land.

* Arnold, in the year 1781, having been converted to our cauſe, commanded a detachment of our army in Virginia; where he plundered many cargoes of negroes and of tobacco, and ſent them to Jamaica for his own account. How far the Lords Rodney and Cornwallis might have excelled him in this kind of heroic atchievements, time will perhaps never diſcover. *Edit.*

As

As winds in ſtormy circles whirl'd
Ruſh billowing o'er the darken'd world,
And, where their waſting fury roves,
Succeſſive ſweep th' aſtoniſh'd groves.
Thus where he pours the rapid fight,
Our boaſted conqueſts ſink in night,
And wide o'er all th' extended field,
Our forts reſign, our armies yield,
Till, now regain'd the vanquiſh'd land,
He lifts his ſtandard on the ſtrand.
Again to fair Virginia's coaſt,
I turn'd and view'd the Britiſh hoſt,
Where Cheſapeak's wide waters lave
Her ſhores, and join th' Atlantic wave.
There fam'd Cornwallis tow'ring roſe,
And ſcorn'd ſecure his diſtant foes;
His bands the haughty rampart raiſe,
And bid the royal ſtandard blaze.
When lo, where ocean's bounds extend,
I ſaw the Gallic ſails aſcend,
With fav'ring breezes ſtem their way,
And croud with ſhips the ſpacious bay.
Lo, Waſhington, from northern ſhores,
O'er many a region, wheels his force,
And Rochambeau, with legions bright,
Deſcends in terrors to the fight.
Not ſwifter cleaves his rapid way,
The eagle cow'ring o'er his prey,

Or knights in fam'd romance that fly
On fairy pinions thro' the ſky.
Amaz'd the Briton's ſtartl'd pride,
Sees ruin wake on ev'ry ſide;
And, all his troops to fate conſign'd,
By inſtantaneous ſtroke Burgoyn'd *.
Not Cadmus view'd with more ſurpri[ſe],
From earth embattl'd armies riſe,
When, by ſuperior pow'r impell'd,
He ſow'd with dragon's teeth the field.
Here Gallic troops in terror ſtand,
There ruſh in arms the Rebel band;
Nor hope remains from mortal fight,
Or that laſt Britiſh refuge, flight.
I ſaw, with looks downcaſt and grave,
The Chief emerging from his † cave,

* As great revolutions give birth to new ideas, and enlarge the ſcope of human knowledge, ſo likewiſe they enrich language by the addition of new words. From the French word *lanterne*, which ſignifies a lamp-poſt, and from the circumſtance of ſome men being hanged on ſuch a poſt in Paris during the revolution, the language of that country is enriched with a new verb; a circumſtance well known at Saratoga, has likewiſe given a new verb to our own: *lanterner*, in French (ſpeaking of a man) ſignifies to hang him, —— *to Burgoyne*, in Engliſh, (ſpeaking of an army) ſignifies to take them all priſoners. *Vive la Revolution!* *Edit.*

† Alluding to the well-known fact of Cornwallis's taking up his reſidence in a cave, during the ſiege of York-Town.

(Where

(Where, chac'd like hare in mighty round,
His hunters earth'd him firſt in ground,)
And, doom'd by Fate to rebel ſway,
Yield all his captur'd hoſts a prey.
There, while I view'd the vanquiſh'd town,
Thus with a ſigh my friend went on:
" Beholdſt thou not that band forlorn,
Like ſlaves in Roman triumphs borne;
Their faces length'ning with their fears,
And cheeks diſtain'd with ſtreams of tears,
Like *dramatis perſonæ* ſage,
Equipt to act on Tyburn's ſtage.
Lo theſe are they, who, lur'd by follies,
Left all and follow'd great Cornwallis;
True to their King, with firm devotion,
For conſcience ſake and hop'd promotion,
Expectant of the promis'd glories,
And new Millennial ſtate of Tories.
Alas! in vain, all doubts forgetting,
They tried th' omnipotence of Britain;
But found her arm, once ſtrong and brave,
So ſhorten'd now ſhe cannot ſave.
Not more aghaſt departed ſouls,
Who riſk'd their fate on Popiſh bulls,
And find St. Peter at the wicket
Refuſe to counterſign their ticket,
When driv'n to purgatory back,
With all their pardons in their pack:

Than Tories muſt'ring at their ſtations
On faith of royal proclamations.
As Pagan Chiefs at ev'ry criſis,
Confirm'd their leagues by ſacrifices,
And herds of beaſts to all their deities,
Oblations fell at cloſe of treaties:
Cornwallis thus, in ancient faſhion,
Concludes his league of cap'tulation,
And victims, due to Rebel-glories,
Gives this ſin-off'ring up of Tories.
See where, reliev'd from ſad embargo,
Steer off conſign'd a recreant cargo,
Like old ſcape-goats to roam in pain,
Mark'd like their great fore-runner, Cain.
The reſt, now doom'd by Britiſh leagues,
To juſtice of reſentful Whigs,
Hold worthleſs lives on tenure ill,
Of tenancy at Rebel-will,
While hov'ring o'er their forfeit perſons,
The gallows waits his ſure reverſions.
"Thou too, M'Fingal, ere that day,
Shalt taſte the terrors of th' affray.
See o'er thee hangs in angry ſkies,
Where Whiggiſh conſtellations riſe,
And while plebeian ſigns aſcend,
Their mob-inſpiring aſpects bend,

That

That baleful Star, whoſe * horrid hair
Shakes forth the plagues of down and tar!
I ſee the pole, that rears on high
Its flag terrific thro' the ſky;
The Mob beneath prepar'd t' attack,
And tar predeſtin'd for thy back!
Ah! quit, my friend, this dang'rous home,
Nor wait the darker ſcenes to come;
For know that Fate's auſpicious door,
Once ſhut to flight, is op'd no more,
Nor wears its hinge by various ſtations,
Like Mercy's door in proclamations †.
" But leſt thou pauſe, or doubt to fly,
To ſtranger viſions turn thine eye:
Each cloud that dimm'd thy mental ray,
And all the mortal miſts decay;

* ——— From his horrid hair
Shakes peſtilence and war.

MILTON.

† *The door of mercy is now open*, and *the door of mercy will be ſhut*, were phraſes ſo often uſed in the proclamations of Britiſh Generals in America, that our timorous Poet ſeems to fear that the hinge of that door will be worn out. A general collection of theſe proclamations, or an abridgement of them compriſed in a few volumes, would form a curious ſyſtem of rhetorical tactics; which might be of great utility to the French emigrant princes, and to thoſe potentates of Europe, who are *going* to ſubdue the ſpirit of Liberty in France. *Edit.*

See more than human Pow'rs befriend,
And lo, their hoſtile forms aſcend!
See tow'ring o'er th' extended ſtrand,
The Genius of the weſtern land,
In vengeance arm'd, his ſword aſſumes,
And ſtands, like Tories, dreſt in plumes.
See o'er yon Council ſeat with pride,
How Freedom ſpreads her banners wide!
There Patriotiſm with torch addreſs'd,
To fire with zeal each daring breaſt!
While all the Virtues in their band,
Eſcape from yon unfriendly land,
Deſert their ancient Britiſh ſtation,
Poſſeſt with rage of emigration.
Honour, his buſineſs at a ſtand,
For fear of ſtarving quits the land;
And Juſtice, long diſgraced at Court, had
By Mansfield's ſentence been tranſported.
Vict'ry and Fame attend their way,
Tho' Britain wiſh their longer ſtay,
Care not what George or North would be at,
Nor heed their writs of *ne exeat;*
But, fir'd with love of colonizing,
Quit the fall'n empire for the riſing."
I look'd, and ſaw, with horror ſmitten,
Theſe hoſtile pow'rs averſe to Britain.
When lo, an awful ſpectre roſe,
With languid paleneſs on his brows;

Wan

Wan dropſies ſwell'd his form beneath,
And ic'd his bloated cheeks with death;
His tatter'd robe expoſed him bare,
To ev'ry blaſt of ruder air;
On two weak crutches propt he ſtood,
That bent at ev'ry ſtep he trod,
Gilt titles grac'd their ſides ſo ſlender,
One, "Regulation," t'other, "Tender;"
His breaſt-plate grav'd with various dates,
"The faith of all th' United States:"
Before him went his fun'ral pall,
His grave ſtood dug to wait his fall.
I ſtarted, and aghaſt I cry'd,
"What means this ſpectre at their ſide?
What danger from a Pow'r ſo vain,
And why he joins that ſplendid train?"
"Alas, great Malcolm cry'd, experience
Might teach you not to truſt appearance.
Here ſtands, as dreſt by fierce Bellona,
The ghoſt of Continental Money *,

Of

* The deſcription here given of the Continental paper-money is not more remarkable as a ſplendid example of the ſublime burleſque, than as a faithful picture of that financical operation. The hiſtory of this meaſure has not been well underſtood in Europe; it has, therefore, been generally condemned by thoſe theoriſts who have had occaſion to refer to it. They condemn it as having been *unneceſſary* in its origin, and *unequal* in its operation. The former opinion, doubtleſs, ariſes

Of dame Neceſſity deſcended,
With whom Credulity engender'd.

ariſes from a total ignorance of the circumſtances under which the meaſure was adopted; to the latter opinion I would oppoſe one obſervation.

It is the nature of war, not only to be unjuſt on the offenſive, but to be *unequal* in its effects among individuals on the defenſive. Some muſt be killed, wounded, worn out with fatigue, or plundered, and ſubjected to burthens, for which they are never indemnified; while others are enriched. The buſineſs of money in a war is, as far as poſſible, to equallize its evils, and atone for the ravages of violence. This can never be done to perfection by any money-ſyſtem that can be imagined. All that can be ſaid, therefore, againſt the paper currency of America is, that it performed its work in a leſs perfect manner, than a full Treaſury of gold and ſilver would have done; and even this aſſertion might be queſtioned.

Though this money was counterfeited by waggon loads in the Britiſh garriſons, and ſent into circulation in the country, yet none of the conſequences followed which were expected from this manœuvre. The paper-money carried on the war for five years; when it was called in at a great diſcount, gave place to other meaſures which the circumſtances of the country rendered practicable, and went peaceably to reſt, as here deſcribed by the Author.

The "weak crutches," called *Regulation* and *Tender*, on which this *Spectre* is ſupported, allude to the different acts of the State-Legiſlatures, made with the deſign of maintaining the credit of the Continental Paper. Some of theſe acts regulated the prices of commodities, others made this paper a legal tender in payment. *Edit.*

5 Tho'

Tho' born with conſtitution frail,
And feeble ſtrength that ſoon muſt fail;
Yet ſtrangely vers'd in magic lore,
And gifted with transforming pow'r,
His ſkill the wealth Peruvian joins
With diamonds of Brazilian mines.
As erſt Jove fell by ſubtle wiles
On Danae's apron thro' the tiles,
In ſhow'rs of gold: his potent hand
Shall ſhed like ſhow'rs thro' all the land.
Leſs great the magic art was reckon'd,
Of tallies caſt by Charles the Second,
Or Law's famed Miſſiſippi ſchemes,
Or all the wealth of South-ſea dreams.
For he of all the world alone
Owns the long-ſought Philos'pher's Stone,
Reſtores the fab'lous times to view,
And proves the tale of Midas true.
O'er heaps of rags he waves his wand,
All turn to gold at his command,
Provide for preſent wants and future,
Raiſe armies, victual, clothe, accoutre,
Adjourn our conqueſts by eſſoign,
Check Howe's advance, and take Burgoyne,
Then makes all days of payment vain,
And turns all back to rags again.
In vain great Howe ſhall play his part,
To ape and counterfeit his art;

In vain ſhall Clinton, more belated,
A conj'rer turn to imitate it;
With like ill luck and pow'r as narrow,
They'll fare, like for'cers of old Pharaoh,
Who tho' the art they underſtood
Of turning rivers into blood,
And caus'd their frogs and ſnakes t'exiſt,
That with ſome merit croak'd and hiſs'd,
Yet ne'er, by ev'ry quaint device,
Could frame the true Moſaic lice.
He for the Whigs his arts ſhall try,
Their firſt, and long their ſole ally;
A patriot firm, while breath he draws,
He'll periſh in his country's cauſe;
And when his magic labours ceaſe,
Lie bury'd in eternal peace.

" Now view the ſcenes in future hours,
That wait the fam'd European Pow'rs.
See where yon chalky cliffs ariſe,
The hills of Britain ſtrike your eyes:
Its ſmall extenſion long ſupply'd
By vaſt immenſity of pride;
So ſmall, that had it found a ſtation
In this new world at firſt creation,
Or were by Juſtice doom'd to ſuffer,
And for its crimes tranſported over,

We'd find full room for't in Lake Erie, or
That larger water-pond, Superior *,
Where North, on margin taking ſtand,
Would not be able to ſpy land.
No more, elate with pow'r, at eaſe
She deals her inſults round the ſeas;
See, dwindling from her height amain,
What piles of ruin ſpread the plain;
With mould'ring hulks her ports are fill'd,
And brambles clothe the cultur'd field!
See on her cliffs her Genius lies,
His hankerchief at both his eyes,

* This ſuppoſition, ſo far as it reſpects *Lake Superior*, is not exaggerated. That Lake is 2200 miles in circumference. The Editors find it their duty to vindicate the Poet from a charge of a breach of delicacy, to which ſome ſuppoſe this paſſage renders him liable. By ſaying, North "would not be able to ſpy land," they imagine he means to ridicule the misfortune of that noble Lord in the loſs of his ſight. But we will teſtify to all his readers both preſent and future (or at leaſt, to all *our* readers, as long as theſe our annotations ſhall accompany this immortal work) that this Poem was written and publiſhed, word for word as in this edition, ſeveral years before the above misfortune happened to his lordſhip. Therefore the Author muſt be pronounced innocent of the leaſt deſign upon any thing more than mental blindneſs. There is no alluſion to any other eyes in his lordſhip, than the eyes of his underſtanding, which were ſuppoſed, by ſome people at that time, to be wonderouſly dim; eſpecially when conſidered as belonging to the Argus of a great nation. *Edit.*

With many a deep-drawn ſigh and groan,
To mourn her ruin and his own!
While joyous Holland, France, and Spain,
With conqu'ring navies rule the main,
And Ruſſian banners, wide unfurl'd,
Spread commerce round the eaſtern world.
And ſee (ſight hateful and tormenting)
Th' Amer'can empire, proud and vaunting,
From anarchy ſhall change her craſis,
And fix her pow'r on firmer baſis;
To glory, wealth, and fame aſcend,
Her commerce riſe, her realms extend;
Where now the panther guards his den,
Her deſert foreſts ſwarm with men,
Her cities, tow'rs, and columns riſe,
And dazzling temples meet the ſkies;
Her pines deſcending to the main,
In triumph ſpread the wat'ry plain;
Ride inland lakes with fav'ring gales,
And croud her ports with whit'ning ſails;
Till to the ſkirts of weſtern day,
The peopl'd regions own her ſway."
Thus far M'Fingal told his tale,
When thund'ring ſhouts his ears aſſail,
And ſtrait a Tory that ſtood ſentry,
Aghaſt, ruſh'd headlong down the entry,
And with wild outcry, like magician,
Diſpers'd the reſidue of viſion:

For

For now the Whigs intell'gence found
Of Tories muſt'ring under ground,
And with rude bangs and loud uproar,
'Gan thunder furious at the door.
The lights put out, each Tory calls
To cover him, on cellar walls,
Creeps in each box, or bin, or tub,
To hide his head from wrath of mob,
Or lurks, where cabbages in row
Adorn'd the ſide with verdant ſhow,
M'Fingal deem'd it vain to ſtay,
And riſk his bones in ſecond fray;
But choſe a grand retreat from foes,
In lit'ral ſenſe, beneath their noſe.
The window then, which none elſe knew,
He ſoftly open'd and crept thro',
And crawling ſlow in deadly fear,
By movements wiſe made good his rear.
Then, ſcorning all the fame of martyr,
For Boſton took his ſwift departure;
Nor dar'd look back on fatal ſpot,
More than the family of Lot.
Not North, in more diſtreſs'd condition,
Out-voted firſt by Oppoſition:
Nor good King George when that dire phantom
Of Independence comes to haunt him,
Which hov'ring round by night and day,
Not all his conj'rers yet can lay.

His

THE LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES

3 1158 00947 7075

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY

A 000 358 271 5